SATURDAY NIGHT

BUSINESS OUTLOOK FOR 1952

by Michael Barkway

MAYOR DEFIES PRESS AND WINS

DECEMBER 29, 1951 VOL. 67, NO. 12

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1944.
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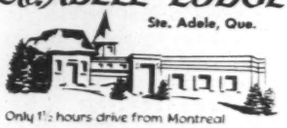

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BEHIND THE SCENES

NEXT WEEK: Ace hockey broadcaster Foster Hewitt has been in radio all the way from cat's-whiskers-&-earphones right up to today's mammoth business. Hewitt's lifelong friend GORDON SINCLAIR, Canada's broadcaster-journalist, culls a host of anecdotes from the Hewitt career.

■ FRANK FLAHERTY of the Ottawa Press Gallery discusses the operations of Eldorado—the most profitable of the Government's business undertakings.

■ Staff writer HAL TRACEY tells the story of Canada's steeplejacks, "the men who take over at the end of a 40-foot ladder, where the average builder leaves off."

■ WILLIAM METCALFE of the *Winnipeg Free Press* reports on Aaron Sapiro, the U.S. spellbinder who two decades ago preached the gospel of wheat marketing control to prairie farmers.

■ BEVERLEY ECHLIN tells how swank Chinese restaurants in leading Canadian cities tempt Occidentals with rare Oriental dishes to the tune of $5 million profit.

COVER: The traditional theme of time running out, and youth and hope taking over at the beginning of the new year, is typified by 19-month-old STEPHEN BAILLIE, fondling an authentic 17th century hour-glass. What the picture *doesn't* tell is the struggle SN went through to get the hour-glass. Theatre groups, department stores, and jewellers were called on, without avail. Finally one was located at the Royal Ontario Museum. As a museum attendant hovered watchfully over his cherished timepiece, young Stephen took a swipe at it that almost demolished this precious relic of a bygone age.—*Photo by Gordon Jarrett.*

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Wheat Pooling Apostle Is Back in the West
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OTTAWA VIEW

Bold Move on Exchange Control

Government's decision is trumpeted statement that it has no doubts about Canada's credit

by Michael Barkway

IT IS ALWAYS refreshing to see the delight with which Finance Minister Abbott removes Government restrictions. He's enthusiastic by nature, but it's when he's removing restrictions that he's most like a delighted schoolboy who knows he's earned top marks in his exams. I remember when the Government unpegged the dollar in October 1950. It was just the same when Abbott removed the last remaining foreign exchange controls before Christmas. Dr. Clifford Clark, the Deputy Minister of Finance, and one or two other senior officials came up to the parliamentary gallery to hear the surprise announcement, and they seemed just as pleased as Abbott was.

These financial decisions have to be taken in great secrecy, because premature disclosure would give speculators a chance which might frustrate the Government's purpose. So Abbott and his advisers always have something of the proud air of a conjuror who has successfully pulled a rabbit out of a hat. But the pride takes a different form according to whether they are putting new restrictions on or taking them off. If restrictions are being removed, they feel sure of applause and they have the satisfaction of doing what they like doing. When they're putting on new restrictions or new taxes, their satisfaction is apt to be of the kind the dentist shows after pulling a particularly difficult tooth.

In its financial policies, at least, the Government's basic instincts are liberal: the fewer restrictions the better.

It was, in one way, a bold move to abolish all foreign exchange restrictions at a time when Canada is running such a large deficit on current account. A country can only run on credit—as Canada is now doing—so long as its own citizens and foreign investors share full confidence in its credit standing. The Government's move is a trumpeted statement that it has no doubts about Canada's credit. And such confidence is likely to be infectious.

This is all of a piece with the indirect fiscal measures which Abbott is using to fight inflation. The plan is to do as little as possible of the business of telling people what they must do, even if it is necessary to use certain deterrents and incentives to induce them in the right direction. If, as Abbott said, the domestic economic situation is handled right, Canada's credit can be kept good and then the dollar will look after itself.

This liberal approach has some consequences in unexpected directions. One of them is largely to determine the sort of answers the Canadian Government gives to NATO'S "suggestions" for more defence aid. It's ironical that just before Abbott abolished foreign exchange control he had been telling NATO'S "Three Wise Men" that we couldn't give all the increased aid they suggested because of our "balance of payments situation." Now he is letting the balance of payments take care of itself, which means that additional commitments we might make overseas must be limited by the confidence of investors. No artificial restrictions will be used to squeeze out funds for overseas aid. We shall do only what Abbott thinks the balance of payments will stand without shaking Canadian credit.

British Arms After All

DESPITE all the talk about "North American integration" of arms production, recent decisions have turned some Canadian purchasing to the United Kingdom. The notable cases are: Rolls-Royce "Nene" engines for the T33 jet trainer which Canadair is building; two De Haviland "Comet" jet transports for the RCAF and the virtual switch of all tank purchasing to Britain.

The reasons are not precisely the same in the three cases—but the common factor is that we can get from Britain things we need which we cannot get from the U.S.

Jet engines are in short supply everywhere. The "Nene" is not a late model, but we can get it in the required quantities. The most significant thing about this decision is that it gives Rolls-Royce — who are pioneers and possibly still the best builders of jet engines—a first foothold in Canada. The "Nene" order justifies a modest assembly plant in Montreal, and it may well lead to a gradual extension of productive facilities here. This might be of permanent importance: and it would not violate the principle of North American integration since Rolls-Royce engines are already being build under licence in the U.S.

The reason for buying DH "Comets" is quite simply that there is no other jet transport anywhere in the world at an equally advanced stage of development. The Avro Canada "Jetliner" was never a comparable plane: it was designed for medium ranges. And anyway it is at least three or four years behind the "Comet." The "Jetliner" is now virtually in cold storage because the Malton plant of Avro is more than fully occupied with the CF-100 fighter and the Orenda jet engine. The last thing the RCAF wants is to interfere with the quantity production of these key defence items.

The order for "Comets" would probably have been for more than two if there was any chance of getting more within a reasonable delivery

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS

DAWNING OF VICTORY

by B. K. Sandwell

IN THE fifth volume of his narrative of the Second World War, entitled "Closing the Ring" and just published by Thomas Allen Ltd. ($6.50), Mr. Churchill deals with events between the regaining of our command of the seas in the summer of 1943 to the launching of the invasion of Europe in early June, 1944. The previous volumes have described a long process of staving off defeat at an appalling price. This volume describes the process of laying the foundations for complete and overwhelming victory.

Three events in 1943 marked the turn from defence to offence. The earliest in time was the repulse of the Germans from Stalingrad in February. In April and May the U-boat menace was beaten. The third event was the consolidation of our position in North Africa, which enabled us to undertake the invasion of Italy by way of Sicily. The volume ends with the fall of Rome.

There was, it is true, another theatre of war, the Pacific, in which the turning-point occurred about the same time. By June, says Mr. Churchill, "the last Japanese thrusts had been hurled back and the enemy was now everywhere on the defensive." But this was a theatre with which Mr. Churchill had little to do, and which he never considered a vital factor in the war. This book is largely concerned with the differences between the British and the Americans which arose out of the insistence of the latter on overrating the importance of China. "Certainly we favored keeping China in the war and operating air bases from her territory, but a sense of proportion and a study of alternatives were needed . . . But we never succeeded in deflecting the Americans from their purpose. Their national psychology is such that the bigger the Idea, the more wholeheartedly and obstinately do they throw themselves into making it a success. It is an admirable characteristic, provided the Idea is good."

In the previous volumes the power of decision was almost wholly in the hands of our enemies. We could do little but resist wherever resistance was essential. In this volume the power of decision has passed to our side; and with it has come the difficulty which always attends on the forming of decisions by a group of allies, most of them working under a democratic constitution. In this case it was further complicated by the fact that the territories of some of them were under enemy occupation and their governments were in exile and cut off from their people. The relations with France, whose government had surrendered but some of whose forces were fighting on our side, were extraordinarily difficult, and were not eased by the assumption of General de Gaulle that he was the sole true embodiment of that great nation.

Marshal Stalin was naturally much less hampered by constitutional fetters than the other top personages, and on several occasions Mr. Churchill told FDR and Stalin that he himself was "the only one of our trinity who could at any moment be dismissed from power by the vote of a House of Commons freely elected on universal franchise." But actually it seems that Mr. Roosevelt was more hampered even than the British leader by the necessity of conciliating political forces in his own country. Had it not been for Roosevelt's immense skill in performing this vital task the course of the war might have been much less satisfactory and the subsequent relations of the great English-speaking allies much less congenial.

THIS VOLUME is not calculated to enhance the enthusiasm of any impartial reader for the application of extreme democratic principles during a war which it is vital to win. Most of the waverings of policy and strategy in this period were the result of pressures from elements in the democratic countries which were certainly vastly less well informed than the leaders and usually less well supplied with the quality of judgment. These pressures were much more evident and more dangerous in the United States, with its constitution of checks and balances and its lack of concentration of power, than in Great Britain with its single responsible Cabinet which had only to hold its grip on the House of Commons.

The two governments were perfectly aware, as their voters could not well be, of the gulf which existed between them and the Russians, and which was made glaringly evident by the Russian treatment of the non-Russians who came into contact with them through the sea-borne supply line north of Scandinavia. The Iron Curtain was actually fully in place even at this time, but could not of course be discussed in public, and the Russians were already manoeuvring for the position of domination in Central Europe which they eventually secured at the moment of German surrender.

The close of the section of the book dealing with Teheran is one of the most solemn of all Mr. Churchill's pronouncements. He wanted Germany divided and Prussia isolated, but he did not go nearly as far as Roosevelt, who demanded five self-governing German states and two territories under United Nations control, a proposal much more acceptable to Stalin, and he earnestly wanted an independent and viable Poland. For these policies he makes no apology. "But vast and disastrous changes have fallen upon us in the realm of fact. The Polish frontiers exist only in name, and Poland lies quivering in the Russian-Communist grip. Germany has indeed been partitioned, but only by a hideous division into zones of military occupation. About this tragedy, it can only be said, 'IT CANNOT LAST.'"

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EDITORIALS

Churchill Comes Back After Critical Decade

BY COINCIDENCE, Mr. Churchill returns to Washington almost ten years to a day after his first, momentous visit, following on Pearl Harbor. It would be far-fetched to compare the circumstances; indeed, they form a striking contrast and provide a salutary study in the unpredictable tides of history. Ten years ago, Germany had Russia by the throat and Japan had just struck the United States one of the mightiest surprise blows of all time. Today the Western powers are fighting a hot war in Asia and a cold one in Europe, to protect Japan and Germany from the embrace of Communist Russia.

On the first visit, Churchill and Roosevelt had to grapple with vast problems, but to solve them they could summon the entire resources of their two nations. The problems of half-war, half-peace with which Churchill and Truman have to wrestle are neither so grim nor so immediate, but perhaps more baffling. They have to decide, not how quickly their nations' whole strength can be mustered on the battlefront, but how long this state of no-peace, no-war may endure.

Mr. Churchill has affirmed recently that the danger of a Soviet onslaught on Europe has declined since the critical days of the Berlin blockade, due to the Western efforts towards defence and unity. Yet lately everything seems to have gone wrong with this effort. The European members of the Atlantic Pact insist that the rearmament effort must be scaled down and not stepped up, as Eisenhower has been asking—and they are now gaining some support in the U.S. and Canada. The European Army plan appears on the verge of foundering, and any alternative scheme for bringing in the much-needed German contribution to Western defence could topple the weak regimes in France and Germany.

Looking beyond Europe to the Middle East the fruits of British and American non-cooperation throughout the Palestine crisis have ripened all through the Arab world. In Iran the Western powers closed their ranks after the damage was done, and at Suez they stand shoulder to shoulder. But much remains to be done to work out a common Anglo-American policy for this vital region.

And in the Far East, where there must soon be a decision on a truce in Korea, there is a question that has long poisoned Anglo-American relations, the British recognition of Communist China, to be settled before the ensuing political negotiations can be undertaken for a Korean settlement.

It is not to put the squeeze on Uncle Sam for more dollars, as some unfriendly American papers have intimated, that Mr. Churchill is coming, but to attempt to restore and extend the close wartime partnership in policy between Britain and the U.S. —in which Canada fits neatly in the middle.

Space Ship to an Unknown Planet

Winnipeg Wars on Trees

WHEN the Winnipeg Public Works Committee endorses a plan to remove 10,954 trees from the city streets, it certainly highlights the changes that have taken place on the lone prairie. It doesn't seem many years ago that Winnipeg was doing all in its power to encourage trees.

Winnipeg, like many other cities, planted the trees much too close together and the project to spend $109,000 over ten years in taking out one-quarter of the trees on the streets is the result of overcrowding.

Opposition led by the *Winnipeg Citizen* is already objecting to the deforestation of the city. It is probably the first time that any Canadian centre has come forward with a plan to make up for the lack of planning in tree planting. Trees with room to spread are so much more beautiful than trees crowded together and some time Parks Departments will appreciate this when small trees are set out.

Our Working Words

THE GRADUAL transvaluation of all values which is taking place in the English language, especially in those parts of it which have to do with the business of working, is something which should engage the attention of both linguists and economists. Not long ago we drew their attention to the subtle difference indicated by the two kinds of placards used as street warnings in Toronto, one of which bears the words "Men at Work" and the other "Men Working". The importance of this distinction is now emphasized by a letter to the Montreal *Star* from a night watchman who complains of having been slandered by the statement that he "was not on the job between 1 a.m. and 2.50 a.m." This, says the night watchman, is not the truth. He "was on the job and did not leave the place for any reason, but was sleeping. There is a great difference." And the way the English language is being used at the present time we suppose there is.

Sleep as a form of work, to be paid for at the usual hourly rates, seems to have become a recognized part of the modern industrial schedule. Our readers will remember that the Ottawa Firemen's Union a few years ago, having been placed on a 48-hour week, proposed to go on strike to support the demand that the beds, formerly installed in the upper rooms of fire-halls when the firemen used to be available for duty twenty-four hours a day, be restored to their old place so that the night shift might spend in them that part of their 48 hours which was not actually employed in going to, returning from or fighting fires. The demand was not successful at the moment, but is no doubt being reserved for a more suitable occasion. "Featherbedding" may take on a new meaning, since obviously, if workers are to be paid for sleeping, they must be provided with everything that will assist them to sleep with the most perfect efficiency. Modern mattresses and an alarm clock to announce the hour for going home will become standard equipment for every watchman's cabin.

Departures from Precedent

PARLIAMENTARY procedure has been twisted into some curious shapes during this session. It is usual practice under the British parliamentary system for first main business of the House of

Commons to be the adoption of an address to the King (or the Governor-General) thanking him for the Speech from the Throne. Since the Speech from the Throne is, in fact, a sort of manifesto of Government policy, the address in reply is a statement of parliamentary approval for the policy outlined by the Government. It is usual for the opposition parties to propose amendments in order to debate whichever aspect of Government policy they most disapprove. The amendments are defeated, the Government has in effect a vote of confidence and Parliament then gets on with the business which the Government outlined in the Speech from the Throne. If the amendments are not defeated the Government is: and resignation would normally follow.

This is the way it normally is. This session the first departure from precedent was to keep the debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne going until almost the end of the session. Certain days were left for it, while the House got on with Government business on the other days. This was a convenient, though novel, arrangement in a session with no budget. It gave members the chance to cover any topics they wished to raise for which no other opportunity was presented.

One of the topics which was so raised provided the occasion for the other departure from precedent. It was the almost perennial complaint about the condition of Western farmers. Instead of voting down the CCF amendment on the subject—which might have appeared to indicate inadequate sympathy with Western farmers—the Government accepted a sub-amendment moved by one of its followers. This had the effect of getting in an expression of sympathy coupled with one of confidence that the Government would do the right thing by them. So the Address which goes to His Excellency the Governor-General will not only be late in arriving this time, but it will remind him—in case he had forgotten—of the men who grow wheat in the West and it will assure him that his ministers are fully able to take care of the situation. He may, of course, have his own views about this—provided he never expresses them.

Work Without Fanfare

FOR ALL the predictions that this short fall session of Parliament would be dominated by the cost-of-living problem, the solid achievements of the session were in other fields. The new railway legislation implementing some of the main recommendations of the Turgeon Commission is by itself a monumental achievement. Mr. Lionel Chevrier, the Minister of Transport, who had the job of piloting this very detailed and complicated business through committees and through the full House, was at the same time responsible for the Seaway legislation. He is one of the ministers who works with least fanfare, but there is a solid competence about him which deserves public recognition.

Maritime members, almost inevitably, raised questions about what the St. Lawrence Seaway might do to their provinces, and Mr. Chevrier made out a remarkably good case for the thesis that the Maritimes, like the rest of Canada, would actually benefit from the completed project. The Canadian Government has now apparently done all that can be done on this side of the border to press on with the project. Parliament has established the Authority to take charge of it. Financial arrangements have been completed with Ontario about its share in the power phase of the scheme. We can only hope that Washington will not frustrate a plan which Mr. Chevrier has developed so sensibly for Canada.

President of the Institute

IT IS a happy accident that the appointment of Edgar W. McInnis to the newly established presidency of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, now a full-time job, coincided with the appearance of the volume containing the proceedings of the Niagara Falls American-Canadian Conference of several months ago. The leading feature of that volume is the masterly setting-forth of the

—Leatherdale

EDGAR W. McINNIS

general Canadian position concerning our relations with the United States and the world in general, by Professor McInnis himself. (It will probably take him some time to throw off the academic title, and anyhow it does him no harm, for a very solid body of knowledge of history is the foundation of his repute as an authority on world affairs.)

Professor McInnis, who has long been a frequent and valued contributor to this journal, is a Maritimer from Charlottetown, a Rhodes Scholar, a Newdigate Prize-winner, and the author of a long list of publications including a six-volume history of World War II. He has a lucid and powerful style which enables him to appeal to the general as well as the academic reader.

The part-time office formerly known as the presidency of the Institute becomes the chairmanship of the Council, and is filled by Victor Sifton of Winnipeg, with Walter Gordon of Toronto as vice-chairman. President McInnis will be able to devote a large part of his time to maintaining contact with the branches, of which 25 are scattered from end to end of the Dominion. This is the 25th year of the Institute's existence, and its contribution to the development of Canada's foreign policy cannot be valued too highly.

Miss MacPhail and the Senate

CANADIAN political life was definitely the poorer between 1940 and 1948 for the absence of Agnes Campbell MacPhail, who in the first of those years lost the seat she had held for nearly 20 years in the Commons, and did not get into the Ontario Legislature until eight years later. In 1940 this journal urged Mr. Mackenzie King to appoint Miss MacPhail to the Senate, and we still think it would have been a good idea if he had done so. But we now even more strongly urge Mr. St. Laurent to take that course. It will afford satisfaction to an immense number of Canadians, and will displease nobody except perhaps three or four Liberal party stalwarts who think that they have earned the appointment—and obviously all but one of these would have to be displeased anyhow.

Miss MacPhail has added color and a certain civilized dignity to every legislative session in which she has participated. The color comes from her personality, and the dignity from the fact that she is a woman and a lady, and conducts herself as such. She would certainly add color to the Senate, and while that body may be in no urgent need of dignity, still it is impossible for it to have too much. Her recent defeat was in no sense a personal repudiation; it was due to the decline in the popularity of the Socialist doctrine.

There is one special reason why Agnes MacPhail should be welcomed into their body by the Senators now sitting. She and her colleagues and leader J. S. Woodsworth were the persons most responsible for the enactment which relieved the Senate of the task of adjudicating in divorce cases in Ontario, and turned it over to the regular courts of those Provinces. She is young enough to have a good many years of useful public service before her, but old enough to look without enthusiasm on the task of electioneering in a big constituency. The Senate is her proper home.

The Canadian French Theatre

WE FANCY that a good many members of the Central Ontario Drama League went away from a recent lecture by Father Emile Legault determined that they would no longer allow their concept of "Canadian theatre" to be cribbed and cabined within the confines of one only of the country's two languages. The Canadian theatre in French is probably stronger and more lively, having regard to the proportions of the population, than the Canadian theatre in English, and both would profit enormously if they could share their efforts and their experiences more freely. To achieve that end there is more need for English-speaking theatre-lovers to learn French than for French theatre-lovers to learn English.

Father Legault is the founder-director of the famous French acting company of Montreal known as Les Compagnons, which has repeatedly distinguished itself in the Dominion Drama Festival. He sees for Canada the destiny, in this troubled world of the twentieth century, of carrying on the great and closely intertwined cultural tradition of the Anglo-Saxon peoples of Great Britain and the Gallic people of France. It is surely not without significance that in Canada alone of all the countries of the New World the descendants of these two related races are combined in a single nation, and are thus set the task of developing in parallel fashion the two most important cultural streams of the Old World. He stressed the fact that the French tradition in Canada has "a certain quality of healthfulness which derives from the older France of pre-Revolution and pre-Voltairean days". It might perhaps be added that even the English tradition in Canada may owe something to the fact that its transmitters avoided the American Revolution and refused to part with some of the cherished institutions of older times.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Communist Friends

WITH regard to the letters published in your December 15 issue commenting on my article about my Communist friend, I would like to make one mild rejoinder. I found the letters thoughtful and well-considered, but a couple of them missed one point badly, calling me naive. I think it is more cynical than naive when a man fears that because of precedent in other countries, he cannot trust his Government to steer a steady course in the matter of Communists, and therefore calls for a statement of that course as a guide for his own actions. Nevertheless, I hope that the future proves me, rather than them, to have been naive.

Omemee, Ont. SCOTT YOUNG

Desertions: Reciprocal Plan

RE "DESERTED FAMILIES" in your Dec. 1 issue, in which with reference to reciprocal enforcement of Maintenance Orders, the statement is made that "this reciprocal plan is not yet in Quebec, New Brunswick or Newfoundland" . . . The Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick passed such an Act at its last session, duly assented to on April 27, 1951.

Fredericton, NB. H. LESTER SMITH, Registrar, Supreme Court of New Brunswick

■ *In addition to the above, the prospect for Quebec's entering reciprocal agreement seems bright. Recently Hon. Charles D. French, Minister of Mines, has been discussing the matter with Premier Maurice Duplessis in his capacity as Attorney-General. It is reported that a Bill is being drafted.*

Engineers' Salaries

UNDER *Editorials* in your Dec. 1 issue I have read with interest about the high average income of the engineers and architects in Canada according to the figures of the Department of National Revenue.

I am not in any way jealous of the "true" average income of my colleagues in private practice. However, I cannot help but observe that the quoted number of 1210 engineers and architects failed to include the much greater number (more than 10,000) of salaried professional engineers who are nevertheless doing engineering work either for industrial concerns or governmental agencies.

After four years in that class of fixed-income employees and earning with the Civil Service on Defence work a salary still below that of a good sheet-metal technician, I certainly feel that the average income of the engineers would be much below those of lawyers and doctors if this latter group would be included.

GERARD W. MATTE, P. Eng.
Ottawa, Ont.

Plug for a Canadian

IN REFERENCE to Eugene Forsey's comment that the present system of appointing a Governor-General "works", may we offer our conclusion that "it doesn't" . . .

With all respect to the memory of Laurier, we have as a nation, passed through two world wars since his time and we have grown up. At least, that is what we are being told continually!

It is hard to understand just why it should be any more difficult to choose a Governor-General from the ranks of Canadians than to choose a Prime Minister! So let us plug for a Canadian for the next term!

(REV.) HERBERT S. COBB
Toronto, Ont.

Fix Prices—But . . .

REGARDING this question of "price maintenance", many manufacturers have a case for it. They have a pride in their product and do not want to see it reduced to the class of bargain basement goods. So let them fix the retail price, BUT, if they do, let them also, as a condition for so doing, agree to take back any goods unsold and to refund to the retailer the total cost to the latter—invoice price, freight and tax. A minimum time between purchase and return might be stipulated.

Compliments on Michael Barkway's "Statistics without Tears." This does what I think such articles should do. It interprets for the lay reader, the essence of the official dialect.

Montreal, Que. W. BOYD CAMPBELL

—Wall Street Journal

"I hoped he'd take the hint when I had his pay check gift wrapped."

Ottawa View

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

period. They will be used for three purposes. First they will give Canadian crews a chance to gain experience in flying modern jet transports. Second, they will be used to test and practice the Canadian radar network which needs high-speed long-range jets to work on. Third they will be a valuable addition to the RCAF's transport fleet which at present has nothing more up to date than the "North Star."

It's rather the same with tanks. The U.S. tank which the Army had meant to get was the M48. It is a lineal descendant of the old "Sherman," but improved—they tell me—almost beyond recognition. But like the Avro "Jetliner" it is not yet in production. A procurement order was put through for 220 of them at a cost of $51 million. The order is still there, but it is simply "inoperative" because there aren't any tanks.

Meanwhile, the Canadian Brigade in Korea has been using British "Centurions," and has formed a very high opinion of them. According to accounts, they have impressed all beholders, including the Americans. Like the DH "Comet" they are in production. A contract is now being negotiated to get 40 of them for the Canadian Brigade in Germany. But this is only the beginning. The Army's training requirements here in Canada amount to several times this amount. We don't yet know how many of them we shall be able to get. And officially they will be bought only to fill the gap until the U.S. M48's are available. But by that time we shall probably have a good many "Centurions" and a good many men trained to use them.

North American integration is still the official goal. But it is now explained that this is a long term proposition.

RCAF Build-Up

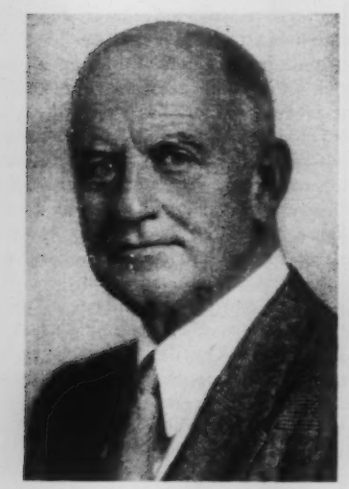
EARLY in the new year Avro Canada will get the first CF-100's off the assembly line with Orenda engines. The first models will be equipped with dual controls for training, and they will be sent to the station at North Bay. It is now being prepared as a flight training school for CF-100's. This first all-Canadian military aircraft is a twin-engined, long-range, all-weather fighter, carrying a pilot and a navigator. Not only the aircrews, but all the ground crews, have to be trained in its use.

This part of the defence program, like the training of fighter squadrons with F86's, has to be carefully phased so that trained men are ready to man the aircraft as they come from the factory. Crew-training sets a limit to the rate of production the RCAF can use. Avro is not yet at the point where it could exceed RCAF requirements; but Canadair's production of F86's is. Canadair's limit is still set by the supply of engines and instruments from the U.S. If these can be stepped up—as they might be before 1952 is out—Canadair could turn out more F86's than the RCAF would be ready to use. They would then be in great demand from all the NATO countries—provided, of course, Canada gave them away.

—Wall Street Journal

"For some reason your income isn't keeping up with my budget!"

Manufacturers Life Appointments



C. S. Band

J. H. Lithgow

L. M. McCarthy

The Board of Directors of The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company announces that J. H. Lithgow has been elected President of the Company, succeeding the late M. R. Gooderham. Mr. Lithgow has been General Manager of the Company for over twenty years and a Vice-President since November 1944.

C. S. Band, a Director of the Company since November 1938, has been elected a Vice-President.

L. M. McCarthy has been a Vice-President since November 1944.

Hometown Mood

by Bruce West

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT that one of the more serious disadvantages of living in the city is the fact that it's hard to tell the seasons without a program.

What I mean is that the city dweller can scarcely tell for sure that it's spring without consulting the calendar or reading an item announcing it in the city paper. And summer arrives at some indefinite period when the weather begins to get uncomfortably warm. And fall is a time shortly after the department stores start advertising their winter fashions and winter can be any time between then and the first day when you have to hop across the sooty slush-ruts to board a streetcar.

Now, in the country or even in a small town, the dates of these important events are fairly definite. In such locations the great and majestic rhythm of the seasons is of much too import to be signalled by mere newspaper announcements, the delivery of a new load of coal or the sharpening of a lawn mower.

In my home town of Huntsville, you didn't need a calendar to tell you when spring was arriving. I think the first news—the first inkling of what was coming—was brought by the crows. Farther south they hang around all winter, but in Muskoka when a crow came winging in, you could be pretty sure that spring wasn't far behind.

You'd go out of the house some day while the ground was still deeply covered by drifted snow. But the water would be dripping more rapidly from the eaves, like the quickening of a pulse. And then, from some far away tree top in the woods, you'd hear the saucy call of the crow. Nightingales in an English garden could scarcely sound sweeter than this harsh-voiced rascal shouting the good news over there in the hills that had been silent for so long.

THIS WAS the first *sign* of spring. The first day of spring, of course, came later. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say the first *evening* of spring. I think that up around my town the exact arrival of spring usually occurred in the evening.

It arrived at precisely the first peep of the first frog in the first pond within earshot. It was a small sound to usher in such a glorious season. And yet, no fanfare of golden trumpets could possibly have been more thrilling to the ears of those of us who so patiently awaited it.

The official arrival of summer was invariably announced by no less a personage than John George Watson, our large and moustachioed Chief of Police.

Chief John George Watson—who was never called merely John Watson, or John G. Watson or even Chief Watson—had held his lofty position ever since most of us youngsters could remember and was therefore an integral part of the town, like the swing bridge over the Muskoka River and the town clock.

Around the latter part of June, we began to keep an anxious eye on Chief John George Watson. The trees might turn to luxuriant green, the flowers might bloom and the sidewalks might grow hot in the warm sunshine, but we always waited on the Chief for final word.

At long last there would come that auspicious day in our town when Chief John George Watson appeared on Main Street or the steps of the Town Hall in his khaki summer uniform, his great moustaches quivering in the balmy breeze and his brass buttons gleaming splendidly in the afternoon sunshine.

If he knew he was signalling a great event, he pretended to be unaware of it. And I'm sure he knew. But until Chief John George Watson's old blue uniform came out of the moth balls again, summer reigned in Huntsville even though the entire staff of the Dominion Meteorological Bureau decreed otherwise and called upon the Greenwich Observatory for support.

THE EXACT ARRIVAL of fall was a little more difficult to define. Fall in the country is a time of subtle moods and symbols. The first sign might be as fleeting and hard to detect as the fluttering descent of a single leaf or the swift and lonely passage of a flock of geese flying southward in the high night skies.

But the symphony of autumn had a way of ascending in volume until one frosty morning you awoke to find it crashing across the landscape in a thousand shades of yellows and tans and scarlets and filling the atmosphere with its smoky scents.

I can't, however, recall any certain day when it was generally agreed that autumn had arrived. I don't mean that the season came and went in the same vague and adulterated form as the city-dweller's autumn. It was just that out in the country each of us more or less decided the definite day of its arrival for ourselves.

With the winter it was different. For one thing, the winter always arrived on a Saturday morning. Usually, it was the first Saturday morning after a week of heavy snow.

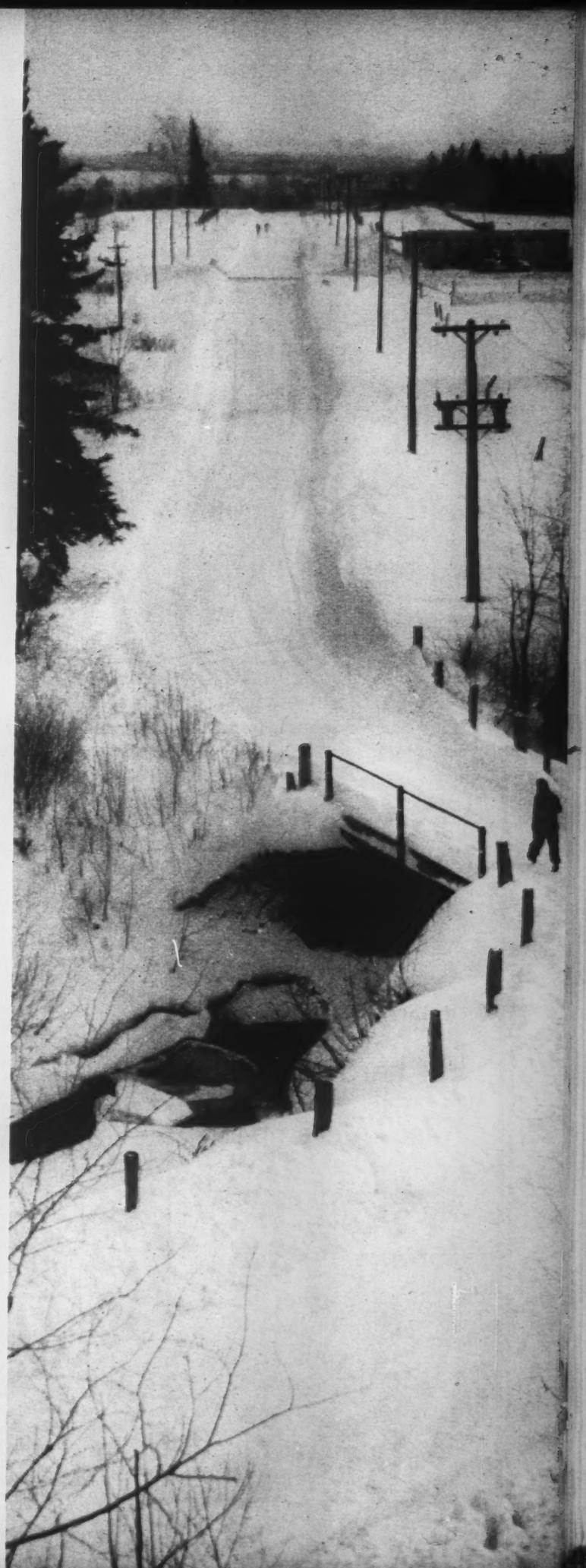
Word of the arrival was always brought to town by Mr. Lindgren, an old Swedish farmer who lived a few miles out in the country. On the first Saturday morning after the first heavy snow, Mr. Lindgren would hitch his team of horses to his big set of sleighs and drive into town on his regular trip for the week's groceries.

Heavily bundled in his robes, he'd drive down the main street smiling and nodding to his many friends and acquaintances, because Saturday morning was a gathering time and a busy time. Year after year his greetings on this particular snowy morning would always be the same as his sleigh-runners squeaked over the icy ruts.

"Vell," Mr. Lindgren would solemnly proclaim to one and all. "I see de vinter has coomb."

And when Mr. Lindgren said de vinter had coomb, it had coomb.

BRUCE WEST *is a columnist on* The Globe and Mail.



—Photo, Miller Services

—Toronto Daily Star

TORONTO'S MAYOR-ELECT Allan Lamport won despite unanimous press opposition. Hearing news with him are Mrs. Lamport, daughters Jane and Suzanne.

MAYOR DEFIES PRESS AND WINS

by Christopher Wallace

Brash, ebullient, but hard-driving, Allan A. Lamport convinced voters Toronto needed new mayor... Fathered Sunday sports for city.

BACK IN 1949 an ebullient politician, Allan Austin Lamport, committed what was generally regarded by those in the know as outright political suicide. He defied the three protectors of public morals and moulders of opinion, the daily press of Toronto.

Soon Lamport occupies the mayor's office, winner in the greatest uphill fight ever staged in a city that has had more than its share of uneven contests. His election with a 13,000-majority over Hiram E. McCallum, who was mayor for four years, was the second big victory that Lamport had scored over *The Globe and Mail*, *The Telegram* and *The Toronto Daily Star* inside of two years.

His first concerned Sunday sports. In the summer of 1949, while Lamport was a member of the city's Board of Control, a group of amateur baseball teams asked to be allowed to schedule games on Sunday afternoons. Lamport, a former star athlete, thought it was a good idea. Toronto wasn't noted for its gay Sabbaths. City Council decided a plebiscite was in order. But rather than put such an inoffensive question to the people and risk the chance of its being okayed, a group in council who opposed Lamport and Sunday sport managed to have the question subtly worded. It made it seem that the people were being asked, in effect, to approve a wide-open, commercialized Sunday.

The lines were drawn. On one side were just about all the candidates for civic office, the churches, and numerous old established Toronto organizations—and the newspapers! On the other side was a group of sportsmen. And Lamport!

To the dismay of most, and the chagrin of many, the people voted in favor of having Sunday sports. A political ruse had backfired loudly. What was more, Lamport himself, campaigning without newspaper support, was elected to the last remaining Board of Control seat, with a narrow margin over the man the newspapers had designated to oppose him.

That Lamport and the press would part eventually was fairly evident. He never was too popular with the editors. He was by far the most outspoken member of City Council, inclined to kick up at the most improper times. In addition to attacking him editorially, all three newspapers dropped him from their slates. (It is the election time custom of the Toronto papers to publish on the news pages the names of candidates they figure most deserving of public support. Lamport was among those noticeably absent.)

But he won and Lamport found himself in for a rough year at City Hall. Having championed a popular cause and won, he began to feel his oats. So the controller let it be known a few months later that he was going after the mayor's job.

WHEN he entered the mayoralty race the opposition was no less formidable. But Lamport hitched his wagon to the Sunday-sports star and barnstormed around the city telling all that he would be a people's mayor, that he was unfettered by duty to any man or any newspaper. He was turning what in previous years had been a political blackball into his greatest asset. To many Lamport was a martyr. He was colorful newspaper copy and he knew that as long as he made news and stirred up

a bit of hell the newspapers would not ignore him.

On election day the vote was heavy. Lamport had stirred McCallum's followers as well as his own. He went out in front on the first returns and built up a hefty lead. His committee rooms were filled with celebrating well-wishers and hangers-on. Lamport joined in the merriment. Everyone wondered when McCallum would concede. Then the bubble burst. A last-minute flood of North Toronto votes erased Lamport's lead and gave the mayor the election by 1,600 votes. The total vote was more than 170,000.

Stunned by the outcome, Lamport nevertheless announced to all who would listen that next year he would be back. But few believed him. There is nothing that can kill a politician's chances like a year out of the limelight.

For the first ten months of this year he remained in obscurity. Then Lamport began popping up at this function and that. He was not averse to making speeches and was once accused of preparing a political address for a bridge party. The newspapers recorded his doings and sayings. Though Mayor McCallum had indicated earlier that he would not seek re-election, he later recanted and offered himself to provide leadership to a Council that had lost many of its most experienced aldermen to the Ontario general election. There was a third man. Alderman Nathan Phillips, an alderman for 28 years, supported to the hilt by *The Star*, announced his candidacy. He was no threat, but he was a very important entry in that he would take votes from one of the two big candidates. But which one?

The Star pushed Phillips. George McCullagh's *Globe and Mail* and *Tely* backed the mayor.

"Let them have their newspaper slates," Lamport shouted from election meeting platforms. "I'll take the people's slate."

LAMPORT has a pleasant appearance. He has a round, almost boyish face (though he's 46), a chunky figure that is getting heavy around the equator. His grin is wide and ready. He wears expensive suits, calls his friends "Ducky." He talks much too fast in debate or in off-the-cuff speeches and the more excited he becomes the higher his voice rises. In orating Lamport will hardly make the people forget Churchill. He simply says what is on his mind, and puts it as forcefully as possible, which may involve a choice of words or just plain volume.

Campaigning a second time for mayor, Lamport knew where he could count on support and where he had to plug. Night after night he hopped around from meeting to meeting, as many as seven in one night, hammering away at his favorite theme: that the administration was squandering money and it should be replaced.

Oddly enough, he mentioned Sunday sports only once. He didn't have to. A committee of sportsmen took advertising space in the three papers to campaign for him. Before the campaign got into full swing, Lamport's younger daughter, blonde Suzanne, made her début at the Artillery Ball, the city's social splash of the year. Just as she curtseyed before Viscount and Lady Alexander, the unpredictable Lamport, standing on the sidelines with Maple Leaf hockey boss Conn Smythe, shouted: "Atta girl, Suze."

Smythe piped up: "Lamport for mayor."

During the campaign he was in his Bay St. office every morning by seven, poring over newspaper clippings for new targets and dreaming up ways of keeping his name before the public. His daughters, Suzanne and Jane, worked on voters' lists and Mrs. Lamport, an attractive brunette, did a lot of quiet, behind-the-scenes campaigning.

Came election night and Lamport once again went out in front on the early returns. The vote was light, a big break for the challenger. The first results to come in were from McCallum's stronghold and Lamport wasn't beaten there too badly. Within three hours the election had been conceded.

Lamport left immediately for *The Globe and Mail*, by invitation, to make a radio address from the editorial floor. Then he did the same at *The Star* and *Tely* offices. He didn't rub in the fact that the papers hadn't supported him, even went so far as to laud the McCullagh papers for maintaining objectivity in their coverage of the campaign.

Next day the newspapers made no attempt to hide their displeasure but they wished him well. It had been tough sledding and Lamport could now say he owed no obligations to any newspaper. No editor could make him hop through a hoop or lose support, he told friends.

For years the newspapers have wielded a big stick in municipal politics. *The Telegram* once ran its own city editor, Bert Wemp, against one of the city's most colorful mayors and got him elected. All the papers put out their slates and the public generally follows them. Their hold on public thinking on provincial and federal affairs loosened first —as witness Ontario's recent election. Now it appears to have been broken on the municipal level. Lamport had much to do with this.

What organized support Lamport had was of a varied kind. The sportsmen were behind him, not entirely unselfishly. Some wealthy hotel men backed him. So did Liberal party bigwigs and some citizen groups. *The Star* noted the day after elections that Lamport's noisy committee rooms contained a liberal quantity of race-track habitués. Also there were representatives of what had been termed the "gutter press," Toronto's yellow weekly tabloids.

The city's private radio stations had certainly helped Lamport. One woman disc jockey advised listeners on election day to get out and vote and to be sure in voting for mayor to mark an X opposite the top name on the ballot—Lamport's.

Though Lamport has refused in past two years to push for a further relaxation of Toronto's Sunday blue laws a lot of people believe that now as mayor he will try. There are those who would like to throw Toronto Sundays wide open, an unheard-of departure from tradition. Assuredly many of them supported Lamport for that reason.

No doubt there is some significance in the fact that Lamport is the first Liberal to be elected mayor of Toronto since 1909. Less than two weeks before the civic elections, Conservatives just about swept the 17 Toronto and district ridings in the Provincial Legislature. Both the other candidates, McCallum and Phillips, were Conservatives.

LAMPORT is a politician who in many ways resembles the unflattering portrayals of politics that emanate from Hollywood. He uses the well-worn and downright corny phrases of the trade like "down-to-earth policies . . . a fighting mayor . . . I love Toronto, my native city" and so on. He is particularly proud of what he calls Lamport phrases.

"I like to be hard-hitting," he says, banging his fist into his palm. "My speeches are bang, bang, bang. The lowdown. Short and snappy and to the point. You know, like 'grandiose spending sprees are emptying our pockets. I say do away with them . . . the needs of the present must supersede the needs of the future. It's time for a change'."

During his election campaigns Lamport hires a man, generally a former newspaper man or radio worker, to direct his publicity, write some speeches and give encouragement. Even speeches written by the highest-priced talent go under the Lamport pencil. He marks in hard-hitting, bang-bang phrases himself.

Other consideration aside, Lamport may be good public relations for Toronto, a city which hasn't won many popularity contests across the nation.

Lamport is fond of a drink (rye and martinis are his favorites) but during the election campaign he refused to take even a cocktail.

"If anyone smells a drop of liquor on my breath they'll call me a drunkard," he explained.

Lamport has had a checkered career. The son of a lawyer, he attended Upper Canada College.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

—Lynch

EX-MAYOR McCallum was master vote getter. But Toronto public, wanting City Hall change, swung.

—Canada Wide

LAMPORT got early publicity — and opposition — for his single-handed support of Sunday sports.

PRESS acknowledged his election by inviting him to address voters from all three radio newsrooms.

—Toronto Daily Star

OPERATION B

RACE AGAINST TIME

—CP

THE ENEMY is the spruce budworm, whose army is numbered by the billions, ready for offensive.

by Gerald Waring

A PRIVATE COMPANY and a Provincial Government will gamble half a million dollars next spring to save millions of dollars worth of publicly-owned forest from destruction.

They'll douse the woods with DDT in the hope of killing enough spruce budworms to prolong the lives of the trees.

That this is a gamble, officials of the New Brunswick International Paper Company and the New Brunswick Government well know. But (1) they think they can win it, and (2) the only alternative is to watch helplessly as billions of budworms destroy a forest and eventually, perhaps, the industry based on that forest.

The forest is at the headwaters of the Southeast Upsalquitch River in heavily-wooded north central New Brunswick. It became seriously infested with budworms in 1949. Since then the insects have multiplied rapidly and spread widely, so that in 1951 they destroyed most of the new growth of balsam fir and white spruce over 2,200 sq. miles.

MR. WARING *is a Press Gallery correspondent.*

Officials of NBIP became increasingly alarmed as the infestation continued to grow. They investigated the possibilities of fighting the budworm, and decided that spraying the most seriously infested forest from the air with a mixture of DDT and fuel oil was the only feasible control measure.

Vernon E. Johnson of Montreal, Vice-President of NBIP, and Hon. R. J. Gill, New Brunswick's Minister of Lands and Mines, agreed to finance a joint spraying operation against the budworm next spring. In addition to assuming part of the cost, the NB Government detailed top officials to work closely with NBIP on the job itself.

Then Ottawa came in to make it a three-way partnership. The Federal Government's Division of Forest Biology will contribute entomologists and laboratory facilities to the May-June offensive.

Commanding general of the anti-budworm army is NBIP's forest education director, Byron W. Flieger. A rangy blond with a woodsman's slope to his shoulders and a woodsman's spring to his walk, "Barney" Flieger is a former Professor of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

—NFB

THE GENERAL: B. W. (Barney) Flieger, who heads the fight for New Brunswick International Paper.

—NFB

SCORCHED EARTH TACTICS are followed by enemy that does millions of dollars in damage.

—NFB

STRATEGY of New Brunswick Government and NBIP includes spraying of huge forest tracts by plane. Mixture of oil and DDT is to be tried this spring. To work, it must kill more than 95 per cent of worms.

THE GERMAN VETERANS: PRO-WEST OR NEO-NAZI?

by Richard Lowenthal

Bonn.

WESTERN GERMANY'S new "Soldiers' Leagues", founded a few months ago with the hope of becoming a major factor in German politics, are undergoing a serious crisis. It seems that the crisis can end only with the disintegration of the *Verband Deutscher Soldaten*, the supposedly all-embracing veterans' association, or with its complete reconstruction under more cautious and moderate leadership.

These veterans' leagues have so far existed only on Allied sufferance, as all such organizations are still theoretically banned under Allied legislation. But after a period of quiet preparatory organization, they blossomed forth last summer in a number of public rallies and now claim a registered, though not by any means firmly organized, following of many hundreds of thousands.

Inside their ranks, two main tendencies are fighting for influence: one clearly rejects the Nazi tradition, supports the democratic state and democratic Western ideals, and sincerely aims at cooperation with the Western powers on a basis of equality. The other is based on nationalist resentment, seeks to justify the main element of the Nazi tradition, and distrusts the West and the Western-created Bonn Republic. So far, the evidence tends to show that the supporters of Western democracy are defeating the extremists.

Pro-Western veterans' leagues vie with those based on nationalist resentment, in a fateful competition

A test has been going on since September, when the attempt was made to unify all the ex-soldiers' leagues in the *Verband Deutscher Soldaten*. This was sponsored by 66-year-old Colonel-General Friessner, former chief of the *Wehrmacht* training organization, who was supported by Tank-General Geyr von Schweppenberg, a one-time military attaché in London, who has come forth as promoter of a European link-up of ex-soldiers' organizations.

The organizations which the new all-German association hoped to bring together were the German Soldiers' League led by Admiral Hansen, originally created to fight for the pension rights of former professional officers only; the Ex-Soldiers' Association built up in Bavaria by General Krakau; the Comrades' Association of the former *Afrika Korps*, led by Gen. Ludwig Cruewell, who commanded the *Korps* after Marshal Rommel; the Paratroopers' Association, founded by General Hermann Ramcke; and the Comrades' Association of the former Tank Corps "Greater Germany," led by General Hasso von Manteuffel.

Estimates of the strengths of those organizations are necessarily vague, because they all tend to register the maximum number of former comrades for card-index purposes. One of their main tasks is still to answer queries from the families of missing men by calling on other former soldiers of the same unit for information. But only a fraction of those so registered are prepared to support the associations actively by paying members' contributions and attending rallies.

With this reservation it may be said that the German Soldiers' League has some 80 to 90 thousand members, and General Krakau's association 20,000. The *Afrika Korps* has registered some 100,000 former comrades, the Paratroopers' some 200,000, and the "Greater Germany" Tank Corps even more. Another large group is the Armed SS; their leader, General Hauser, is reported to have established some form of contact with 200,000 out of the former 900,000 men of this separate Nazi Party army.

None of these leagues has any organized connection with the neo-Nazi political groups, such as General Remer's Socialist Reich Party, the Free Corps *Deutschland* or the remaining splinters of the once much publicized Brotherhood. These extremist groups naturally try to infiltrate the big soldiers' leagues through individual members, but they are not themselves mass organizations on a comparable scale, and only one of them, Remer's SRP, has so far proved itself a potential political force.

Nor should the claim of the revived Steel Helmets organization, which supports a moderate political platform, to a membership of 100,000 be given too much credence. They were important after World War I, but have little attraction for the new veterans.

The *Afrika Korps*, most moderate and pro-Western of the lot, refused to join the new central organization, as did the Association of Ex-Prisoners of War, which probably has a larger organized membership of common soldiers than all the other leagues, and which looks upon the *Verband* as an outfit dominated by the generals. Recently, the Paratroopers' Association withdrew from the *Verband*, and its leader Ramcke announced he was quitting politics. Now General Friessner himself has been forced to resign the leadership.

The immediate cause of the crisis are some statements he made to foreign correspondents, describing the German attack in Poland which started World War II as "self-defence," and saying that he had condemned the action of the July 20 conspirators (the anti-Hitler plot) at the time, but was now ready, though still disapproving their action, to recognize their motives as patriotic.

While Friessner's words gave an impression of narrowness of outlook and failure to think again since 1945 rather than of a deliberately mischievous neo-Nazi attitude, the neo-Nazis jumped at once to his defence, declaring that the soldiers who risked their heads and lost them in the bomb plot against Hitler might have been patriots, but that the surviving civilians of the anti-Nazi "underground" were simply traitors exploiting the deed of others. The Adenauer Government reacted to this line sharply with threats of prosecution.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

RICHARD LOWENTHAL *left Germany with the rise of Hitler, is back as correspondent for the London* Observer *and* SATURDAY NIGHT.

—Miller

FRIESSNER: His brand of nationalism disavowed.

—Miller

CRUEWELL: Pro-Western leader of Afrika Korps.

SPEIDEL: Well-chosen as new German Army leader.

—Miller

ANSCOMB SPARKS TORY RISE IN BC

by Gordon McCallum

"Do unto others . . ." even in politics, is a rule that is paying off for the PC's and their leader

THE OTHER DAY a brash young Liberal met British Columbia's 58-year-old Conservative leader, Herbert Anscomb, in the corridors of the legislative buildings. Searching for political chit-chat which might please the ear of a Conservative and elder statesman, he made a disparaging remark about the Liberal leader, Premier Byron Johnson. When Anscomb got through with him, he probably wished that he had a slower and a kindlier tongue.

"Mr. Johnson," Anscomb snapped at him, "is a gentleman. I may disagree with him politically on occasion, but you, young man, will make no such remarks about him . . . One would think you would have more respect for your leader." There was more to it, and it left the young politician open-mouthed and red-faced.

Anscomb is the leader of BC's Conservatives and co-leader with Premier Johnson in the Province's Coalition Government. Now in Government partnership with the Liberals, he will be fighting them in the next election. He's a man few can claim to know on a close personal basis; one who regards politics as an honorable profession, who treats his political opponents like gentlemen, and who expects them to treat him likewise.

ANSCOMB has led BC Conservatives for five years. His voice in the party first blossomed back in 1933 when the party's rating was so low that the powers-that-be among the Conservatives refused to let him carry the party's banner in the general election of that year. But he ran anyway, as an independent, and was elected in Victoria. He has been in the Legislature ever since. He has never been defeated at the polls. He served three years—1925 to 1927—as Reeve of Oak Bay (a part of Greater Victoria); three years—1929 to 1931—as Mayor of Victoria; and then in the Legislature.

Anscomb, who stands six feet, one inch and weighs 208 pounds, once was a ditch digger. Now he controls the spending of $118 million a year on operating account, and another $35 million or $40 million on capital account.

The ditch-digging experience didn't last long. It was back in 1911 when, as a youth of 19, he came from Maidstone, Kent, Eng., one of the half-million to emigrate from Britain to Canada that year. He went right to Victoria and his first job was digging ditches around Willows Park. After a week, the English boy looked for something better and got a white-collar job selling electrical goods over a counter for the BC Electric Railway Company at $50 a month.

"To me," he confided recently, "that was like £10 a month and big money. But I found that I had to pay $35 a month for board and room, and then it didn't seem so big." After a year he switched to another company as a bookkeeper, then to a brewery as an accountant. When World War I came along, he joined the Royal Air Force. (He's quick to add that he never flew, and that his wartime service was behind account books in Toronto.)

AFTER THE WAR he came back to Victoria and became articled to a chartered accountant. He secured his degree and then went back to the brewery as general manager. Later he became managing director of the Growers' Wine Company. He still holds that position, and also is director of the brewery he used to manage.

Every once in a while, political foes—some of them in his own party—try to make capital out of his "liquor connections." But it doesn't worry him; he is in business honestly. He has never taken a drink in his life, but honors the other man's viewpoint by serving cocktails in his own home.

The company he runs makes wine from Vancouver Island loganberries and has the largest loganberry farm in the world—100 acres, which supplies part of its requirements. It also produces grape wine from grapes in BC's Okanagan Valley.

British Columbia's Coalition Government was formed in 1941 when neither Conservatives nor Liberals had a clear majority in the Legislature. Now Anscomb is the only Cabinet Minister left who was a minister in 1941. Since 1933 he has been through 21 sessions. Before being named Finance Minister he was Minister of Public Works for 4½ years. He laid out BC's road program, one of the major developments in the last decade. Since he left the Works portfolio, he has been able, as Finance Minister, to finance the program without interruption. When he took over the Finance post, the Province's revenue was about $30 million a year compared to today's $118 million.

Because it's his job to collect the three-per-cent provincial sales tax, it is generally supposed he created it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

GORDON McCALLUM *is on the editorial staff of* The Vancouver Daily Province.

WORLD AFFAIRS

European Army Plan Hangs In Balance

by Willson Woodside

LAST WEEK, at Strasbourg, six Western European nations stood right in the doorway leading to a European Federation. The three larger ones, France, Italy and Germany, were anxious to pass through; the three smaller ones, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, held back; the Americans pushed; and the British stood back and said, we don't want to go through ourselves, but we won't stop you. Time had run out on the plan to form a European Army. Control of this army seemed to demand a federation. But when it came right down to it, the Europeans weren't ready to take the plunge.

M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister who has been in the forefront of the European unity movement, explained quite candidly to the Council of Europe the difficulties in agreeing on control of the Army. Because, in contrast to the NATO contingents, the European Army would owe allegiance not to national governments but to the whole European community, there was a need for a clear decision on the supreme authority which would give the orders to its commander-in-chief.

If the European authority, Schuman warned, was a committee of ministers tied to a rule of unanimity, it might be paralyzed in a crisis by the veto of one of its members. If, on the other hand, the vote in the committee of ministers was by majority rule, that would be an undemocratic system, in which a minister responsible to his own national parliament could be overruled on decisions vital to his country.

EVEN IF A EUROPEAN parliament were formed, Schuman held that the ministers would turn out to have a dual responsibility to the European parliament and to their own parliament. The solution proposed for the Schuman coal and steel plan, that of a supra-national authority, not of ministers but of experts, was ruled out because of the vital political character of decisions on the army.

As he went on, Schuman seemed to be turning back towards the idea of a council of ministers requiring unanimous decision. It might work, he thought, if the governments turned out to be sufficiently like-minded to reach agreement in practice without voting, as British Commonwealth representatives usually do and as is often done within their own coalition cabinets.

And this was the formula which Schuman for France, Adenauer for Germany, de Gasperi for Italy, van Zeeland for Belgium, Stikker for the Netherlands and the delegate for Luxembourg proceeded to work out. Concessions were made on all sides. The Benelux members gave up their idea of a loose coordination of national forces, while the Germans, French and Italians gave up for the present their demand for a federal parliament and defence ministry possessing full authority.

One of the particular stumbling blocks in the realization of this authority—just to show the kind of difficulties these negotiations have faced—is the provision in the Belgian Constitution which makes the King Commander-in-Chief. To transfer this authority to a European defence organ would require amendment of the Belgian Constitution, which would require an election, which M. Van Zeeland's party is anxious to avoid and not at all sure it could win.

—International

SKEPTICAL at first, Eisenhower is now the leader in calling for European Army and European Federation. "Europe cannot be defended unless it is first united," he states.

So, while the "big three" of the European Army have won "a complete merger of forces, in one uniform, under common discipline and single command responsible not to individual governments but to all the member governments", as M. Schuman put it, the "little three" won their way on the controlling authority. This is to be a council of ministers, supervised for the present by an assembly of delegates from each of the six national parliaments. Later it is intended to create a truly European Federal Parliament elected by universal suffrage of all six member nations.

The question of how the budget for this army is to be set up remains unsolved. Those ministers who inclined to federalism asked for the cession of certain definite sources of revenue by all the states, so that the Council of Ministers would not have to go begging to all six national parliaments for its budget, and have this hang on six separate budget debates.

Failing this, the French, Germans and Italians want the member governments to turn over virtually their whole defence budget to a High Commissioner for the European Army who would be the executive agent for the Council of Ministers. The Benelux nations are in favor of each nation paying its own troops and supplying its own equipment, and paying only a part of its military budget to the High Commissioner.

The set-up of the European Army also emerged from the Strasbourg talks in much more definite form. The national units are to be of division strength, merged with other national divisions in three-division corps. Germany will provide 12 of the total of 43 divisions.

THESE GERMAN FORMATIONS are to enjoy full equality with the others, and will have their own light artillery and tactical aviation. They will be recruited by a German Defence Ministry, trained in Germany and handed over to the European Army Command as ready units. The Germans will, however, have no units of corps size, and hence no heavy artillery; neither will they have a strategic air force or a national General Staff. The High Command of the European Army will be an integrated international staff.

There is where the whole thing appears to stand in Strasbourg, and it is mighty curious that at the same time American commentators such as Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times* and others as well informed of official U.S. views have been taking the very pessimistic line that the European Army plan seemed about to fall through. The U.S., they have been saying (in inspired unison?) had better begin to think of some alternative plan for bringing a German contingent into Western defence. Perhaps there will have to be a German Army within NATO. . .

—Miller

BIG MOMENT in movement for unity of the West came when official delegation of 14 U.S. senators and representatives went to Strasbourg in November for discussions with members of Council of Europe. Shown in enthusiastic greeting (l. to r.): Dr. von Brentano of Germany, U.S. Senator Brien MacMahon, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, U.S. Senator Alexander Wiley, and Paul Reynaud.

Perhaps, indeed, there may be a connection between the sudden spurt of determination to put the European Army plan through, and the mood of disillusion and dissatisfaction spreading in the U.S. over the failure of the Europeans to "pull together." Besides the suggestion—very potent with the French—that the U.S. might be driven to rearm Germany in some other form, there were free predictions by American congressmen returning from Strasbourg that future aid to Europe would be tied to conditions of unity. This was being said by those best disposed towards aid for Europe; and had even been urged on them publicly by the President of the Council of Europe Assembly, Paul-Henri Spaak.

This kind of pressure may be deplored by some on our side, and will certainly be used and distorted by Communist propaganda throughout the world as "imperialism." But I can't see anything to blame in it. Do not our governments, like ourselves, constantly have to be pushed into doing things before it is too late? It seems that Sneezy, of the Seven Dwarfs, expressed a profound truth in exclaiming "When you gotta, you gotta!"

—Herblock in the Washington Post

"NONSENSE! MADAME, all babies look like me." It was Churchill who proposed the European Army, and Europeans feel that it is "his baby" and U.K. should join.

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SIMPSON'S STORES AND ORDER OFFICES SERVE CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST

—Miller

I'M FOR the Schuman Plan, first step in the unification of Europe: a German poster.

A Brave Try

by G. E. R. Gedye

Vienna.

IN THE early days of the Iron Curtain it was still not too difficult for people from the satellite countries to reach the West, given either ingenuity, or the sacrifice of all one's savings to pay bribes, or the acceptance of hardship and risk.

It was in these early days that all Vienna talked about the story of the twelve young Hungarian cyclists. Dressed in shorts and singlets, with numbers pinned to their backs, these men bicycled right through the Hungarian frontier control, shouting to the Communist guards: "Clear the way! Budapest-Vienna international cycle-race!" The unsuspecting guards cheered on the cyclists, laughing amiably at the laggard who brought up the rear.

There have been other equally unconventional breaches of the Iron Curtain since then—notably the Czech "Freedom Train" which was driven over the border. Many a plane has been flown out, with a pilot who was choosing freedom himself, or had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

—International

AFTER 8 YEARS in a Soviet slave labor camp and 3 years in Communist Czechoslovakia, Czech lawyer Dr. Frank Polak has reached U.S. to tell of diabolical treatment.

FILMS

THE INVIOLABLE PATTERN

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IN A RECENT novel, "The Producer", Richard Brooks, a Hollywood writer and director, describes the difficulties encountered by creative minds in any attempt to turn out an honest movie. Now comes "The Light Touch" (written and directed by Richard Brooks) and leaves one wondering whether the film was meant as a justification of the novel, or the novel as an apology for the film.

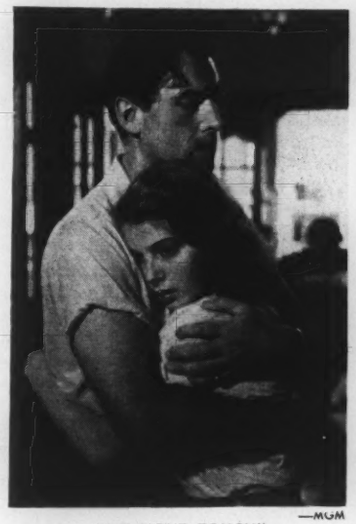
Actually "The Light Touch", a second-rate crime story produced in first-rate style, doesn't need any elaborate apology. Anyone who knows his movies recognizes without being told the inexorable drive towards the moral conclusion and the happy ending. The forces of evil may be ever so alert and resourceful but the forces of good are bound to be spryer and a lot more seductive. Otherwise, the ritual is betrayed and the trance-state rudely shattered. As every movie-maker, and every movie-goer knows, the value of the commercial film varies with the depth of the hypnotic trance it can induce.

A film such as "The Light Touch" doesn't need to establish moral values, which were already changelessly set long before the script-writer sat down to his typewriter. All it needs to do is to preserve the hypnotic-state intact, as sequence moves smoothly into sequence, without any jarring illusion of reality. In this "The Light Touch" succeeds admirably; and succeeds, I suspect, in exactly the way Director Brooks intended it to.

THE FILM describes the activities of a group of art-thieves, with George Sanders as master-mind and Stewart Granger as chief operator. When Operator Granger handily lifts a valuable sacred painting from an art exhibit, he first tells Boss Sanders that the original has been destroyed, then persuades him that well-to-do collectors might profitably be sold good imitations made from photographs. After this he hoodwinks a scrupulous young artist (Pier Angeli) into undertaking the forgery, and the development from this point on is inevitable.

The outer pattern is inviolable, and as long as the inner detail remains credible nothing can go wrong. Audiences won't question Stewart Granger's regeneration under the Angeli influence, but their credulity may tend to waver when Artist Angeli not only copies a masterpiece from photographs and memory, but bakes it like a tea-biscuit to a state of crisp brown authenticity in an out-door oven.

Simply as an exercise in pursuit however, the film is managed with a good deal of deftness and style. George Sanders pursues Stewart Granger. Stewart Granger pursues Pier Angeli. Conscience pursues Stewart Granger. In the end everything unwinds just as we knew it should, with the picture restored to its frame over the altar, Pier Angeli restored to the arms of Stewart Granger, and George Sanders, who has been typed as beyond regeneration cynically observing the reunion. "Let him go; he won't be any more use to us." The whole thing is so neatly executed within its accepted limitations that it would be silly to quarrel with the limitations.



—MGM

"THE LIGHT TOUCH"

"I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU" refurbishes "Berkeley Square", this time with Tyrone Power as the young American who reverts to the Eighteenth Century. In the current version however the hero is an atomic scientist who is sickened by his own century and anxious to lose himself in the grace and felicity of an earlier period —a prejudice which doesn't prevent him from experimenting with photography and electric light in an Eighteenth Century basement.

The new version offers some agreeable studies of spacious Eighteenth Century interiors, as well as a glimpse of Dr. Johnson and his Boswell, both remarkably unimpressive. As the hero, Tyrone Power presents a pretty stolid figure, with none of the wit, elegance and wan appropriate charm that made the late Leslie Howard so memorable in the original "Berkeley Square". The cast includes Ann Blyth as the Eighteenth Century heroine, but this time she catches up with her young man in the Twentieth. The farther off from Henry James the nearer 'tis to Hollywood.

RECORDS

THE NEW RELEASES

MANON—*Jules Massenet.* A complete recording of the Massenet opera makes a proper complement to the *London FFRR* set of more popular operas (others: "Die Fledermaus", "The Tales of Hoffman", "Carmen", "Countess Maritza", "The Merry Widow"). Singers and orchestra are from L'Opéra-Comique, Paris, with Albert Wolff conducting. Interpolated spoken passages link up the narrative and, rather than breaking the dramatic flow of a not-too-well-plotted musical romance, make the development a well-paced one. Judicious editing of some recitative material and arias has further tightened up production.

Title role is sung by Janine Micheau, Lescaut by Roger Bourdin, Pousette by Claudine Collart, Le Comte des Grieux by Julien Giovannetti. Mlle. Micheau has a purity of tone that extends into her upper register, and, in common with many French operatic stars, has a sparkling clarity of diction that makes musical joy as well as dramatic sense. Of course, Jules Massenet's saccharine themes are eminently suitable for informal operatic listening such as this and make fewer demands on listeners than operas (*e.g.*, Wagner's) requiring especially focussed attention on integral thematic characterization when the visual is absent. With this emphasis on opera's easier listening side, *London's* selection of operas generally seems to be well made. Recording is ably done. While soloists are brought up with brilliant fidelity, there is occasional fade-and-surge in the tone level kept by the orchestra but even this is never so noticeable as we have heard in broadcast opera during the Met's season. *(London—LLP7—33 rpm.)*

CARMEN—*Bizet.* The complete recording of this popular opera is one of the most rewarding items we have run across in weeks of record listening. Risë Stevens, Jan Peerce, Licia Albanese, Robert Merrill are the stars. Fritz Reiner conducts the RCA Victor Orchestra, Robert Shaw the chorus. It is a spirited, well-tailored show and the soloists meet the requirements on nearly all counts—tonal quality and production, characterization, diction, theatre. The record people furnish a handsome libretto that gives all necessary background information plus the sung dialogue in both French and English. *(RCA Victor—LM6102—33 rpm.)*

"EMPEROR" CONCERTO — *Beethoven.* Pianist Artur Schnabel stands well out from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in this one, perhaps too well out. Perhaps his virtuosity in a concerto full of splendor has shoved the timid orchestra into a lack-lustre position. *(RCA Victor—33—LCT 1005)*

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. . . ERIC PORTMAN

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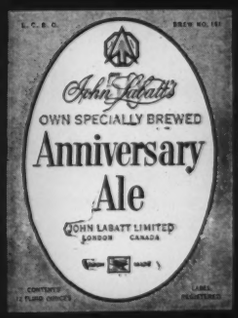

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PORTS OF CALL

DURBAN: GATEWAY TO NATAL

by Reginald Armstrong

LIKE a fascinating woman this sun-lit city by the sea has something more than mere good looks. She has an atmosphere which makes life exciting in this land "where it is always afternoon." South Africa's third largest city, Durban lies on the shores of the Indian Ocean. Sheltered on one side by the protecting Bluff—still in thick natural bush—this garden city rises gently to the Berea, where thousands of homes nestle in the shade of the semi-tropical trees and shrubs.

If you come to Durban by sea, the city's beachfront will greet you with a beckoning arc of foaming surf; lint-white beach hotels will remind you that visitors come from all parts of the world to this playground of the south.

If you come on business, cold statistics will tell you that Durban is South Africa's busiest seaport; that it has a European population of 129,-683; an Asiatic population of 123,-165 and a Native population of 109,-543.

But those cold statistics will not tell you that Durban is a city of contrasts. A city where the robots wink red, yellow and green for the flamboyantly-decked ricksha boy or for the most modern of motor-cars; a city where the noise of the traffic almost drowns the *muezzin* in his minaret calling the faithful to prayer. It is a city where now peaceful Zulus remember fiercer days.

If you come to South Africa in search of the sun, Durban is the place for you. Day after day of indigo blue sky and sea quickly banish memories of less favored climates. Durban's winter, from April to September, ranks with the finest climate in the world, glittering sunny days made even more lovely by the riot of vividly colored flowers.

Bougainvillea twines its scarlet, crimson or rust tendrils round trees and trellises; bright cannas beautify the wide streets with brave beds of color. Starry camel-foot, poinsettia, frangipani, Pride of India and Kaffir-boom all add beauty to a city famous for its blazing flamboyant trees—Durban's own symbol of Christmas time. In September, mauve clouds of Jacaranda blossoms delicately tinge the streets.

Much of Durban's charm lies in her wide parks, magnificently kept, and planted with a wealth of sub-tropical flora. The Botanic Gardens have some of the finest specimens of their kind in the world.

Much of Durban's magic lies in the untouched stretches of natural bush which still hug the outskirts of the city. Here you will find troops of monkeys — beloved by visitors but frowned on by residents.

ZULU BEAUTY PARLOR

MISCHIEVOUS MONKEYS TAKE SNACKS FROM VISITORS

—Photos courtesy South African Tourist Corporation

BEAUTIFUL SOUTH BEACH WITH BLUFF IN BACKGROUND

Life is casual in this southern playground, but under the carefree surface lies the teeming commercial and industrial life of the city. A far-sighted municipal authority is keeping factories to a specific industrial area.

Ships from ports all over the world come and go in the busy seaport. Cheeky black and white whalers leave from Durban for the Antarctic and return to their home after long months in the icy waters of the far south.

But Durban is more than a gay and contrasting city; it is the gateway to Zululand and the fascinating tribal life of the colorful Zulu nation, and 200 miles further north lie the wonders of the Golden City, Johannesburg, and the famous 8,000 square mile Kruger National Park.

Durban is but one of South Africa's fascinating ports of call which await the traveller on a South African tour.

LONDON LETTER

THE IMPORTANCE OF MR. EDEN

by Sebastian Haffner

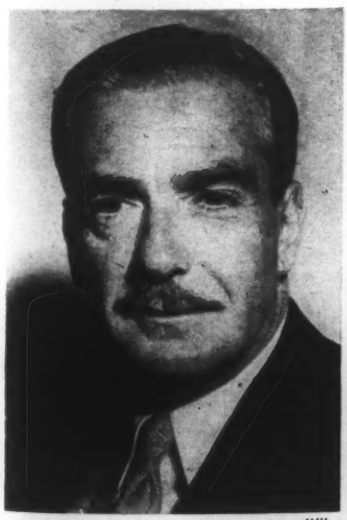
London

THE STIR which Mr. Anthony Eden's speeches in the UN Paris Assembly and in the first foreign political debate of the new British Parliament have caused is all the more remarkable because these speeches signalled no change of British policy. What they did contain was a change of tone and temper.

Mr. Eden avoided polemics. He spoke with a certain suave and sober reasonableness, and he somehow managed to bring the international temperature down by several degrees. He also gave the impression of a man who knows exactly what he is about, and somehow he left an impression — at least with the British public — that the present cold-war situation, though certainly very bad and very depressing, is not beyond remedy; that a little diplomatic savoir faire, a little cool-headedness, moderation, and tact, tempered with just the right amount of firmness, might see us out of the present international deadlock.

People suddenly woke up to the fact that Mr. Churchill is not the only big figure whom the recent British elections have returned to active politics; that Mr. Eden is also in the field again, and that he is very much a political and diplomatic force in his own right.

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE to read too much into the changed tone which Mr. Eden brought to the treatment of the world crisis. The field of manoeuvre for British foreign policy is limited in the present international situation—as he is the first to appreciate — and he is by nature and record more a tactician than a strategist. But Mr. Eden has secured a certain tactical initiative, and he may be able to keep it for quite a long time. For these very speeches have thrown into relief the fact that American foreign policy of the last few years has rather neglected tactics in favor of strategy and has left considerable chances for tactical initiative to a statesman with Mr. Eden's flair for it.



—Miller

MR. EDEN: At the UN session in Paris, with so many clamoring for an overall East-West settlement, he insisted best hope was to proceed from agreements on the small matters to agreements on big ones.

In the present world situation Western strategy may demand postponement of a settlement with Russia till it can be negotiated from strength. But it is not good tactics to appear rigidly opposed to negotiations and limited agreements which may become possible before that time, and hence merely to allow tension to accumulate.

Our strategic aim must be to achieve an all-over settlement with Russia in 1953 or 1954; but our tactical aim must be to get through 1952 without war, and to keep open the road to negotiation in 1953 and 1954. Mr. Acheson has his eyes almost exclusively on 1953. Mr. Eden looks at 1952. The corrective which he thus brings to Western policy may be useful and even necessary.

ONE QUESTION which Mr. Eden's recent performances have necessarily raised is his exact relationship with Mr. Churchill in the conduct of British foreign policy. In their standing as politicians at home the position is fairly clear. Mr. Eden is Mr. Churchill's faithful deputy and declared successor. Their relationship in foreign affairs is far less obvious.

During the war, major foreign policies were largely in the hands of the Prime Minister, an arrangement that did not always work without some friction between the two sides of Downing Street. There is a story, apocryphal but not entirely incredible, that Mr. Eden privately said before the formation of the new Government that he did not want to become Foreign Secretary again unless he could really be responsible for foreign policy.

Whether or not this is so, it is quite clear that he is Foreign Secretary again, and that Mr. Churchill's personal interest in foreign affairs has not lessened. Indeed, the Prime Minister has lost no opportunity of stressing his belief in the conduct of major international affairs "on the highest level" and his visit to Washington seems to resume war-time traditions.

THERE IS NO REASON at all to suppose that there is any major disagreement between the two statesmen. But there is certainly a difference of temperament, perhaps also one of method; and there is the curious fact, strongly thrown into relief by British public reaction to Mr. Eden's latest speeches, that Mr. Eden is more likely than his great chief to carry the general British public with him.

This cannot fail to increase his weight in the inner councils of government and to strengthen his hand in any differences that are bound to occur between two men of conviction and authority.—*OFNS*

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WASHINGTON LETTER

EVEN U.S. BUDGET CAN BE TOO BIG

by Alastair Buchan

Washington.

IF YOU SEE a particularly unhappy and preoccupied civil servant walking along the streets of Washington at this time you can be fairly sure that he is working on the estimates for the budget which the President will put before Congress when it reassembles on January 8.

Budget-making is always a headache for civil servants, but in the American Government is it made peculiarly difficult because the budget is presented six months before the beginning of the period to which it applies. The estimates of revenue and expenditure must be made within the next few weeks to cover the period from July 1, 1952 to the end of June, 1953, so that a major job of crystal-gazing is required.

In no field is forecasting more difficult or the assumptions more dubious than in that of defence policy, and it is the military budget which is giving the President and his advisers the most trouble at the moment. Last year, when the Korean war was only a few months old and the whole of American military policy was being drastically reorganized, they found the attempt beyond their powers and delayed the presentation of the military part of the budget for some time after the presentation of the rest of it. But this was not popular with Congress, and this time the President has decided to present a detailed military budget in January for 1952-53.

THE NEXT BUDGET must be passed by a Congress which will be on the verge of a Presidential and Congressional election. Therefore, the Administration must keep its demand for money as low as possible in order to ensure the passage of the budget through Congress. This is a time when all politicians are especially sensitive to charges of wasteful expenditure, and in this particular case President Truman is most anxious not to weaken the unity of the Democratic Party by causing a split between the right and left wings of the Party. In this moreover, the Administration is anxious not to overstrain the popular support for rearmament by hitching its claims too high.

It is rumored therefore that the military budget will be only about 45 billion dollars for 1952-53 as opposed to about 70 billion for the current year. Some observers think that the figure may be as low as 40 billion.

In theory, this is a reasonable policy. It was assumed that when the current budget was presented that it would be higher than any of its successors, because it involved payment for a great deal of non-armament capital expenditure on rearmament such as expansion of factory capacity and assembly lines. Moreover, provision included was for contract payments for elaborate equipment such as bombers which would not be completed for several years. In other words, in any period after 1951-52 a smaller amount of money would produce more arms.

But this assumption has been upset by the decision which has now been finally signed and sealed after weeks of discussion in the Pentagon to expand the U.S. Air Force from its present target figure of 95 wings to 153 wings (an American wing is roughly the equivalent of an RAF group). Nor does it seem that this is to be accompanied by any equivalent reductions in the other forces; the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps will all be increased in both manpower and equipment.

IT IS TRUE that an expansion of the Air Force on this scale could not all be undertaken during the next financial year; in fact as far as the heavy bomber groups go it could probably not be completed in less than four years. Even so, if the next military budget is to take account of this expansion it must provide for money to be committed on long-term contracts.

There are also two other factors making for greater expenditure. One is the possible development of atomic weapons for use on the battlefield. The cost of producing atomic energy is paid for through the budget of the Atomic Energy Commission, but the cost of developing and constructing atomic weapons is a matter for the Pentagon, and if there is to be any substantial advance in this field, it will inevitably mean greater military expenditure.

The other is General Eisenhower's decision to concentrate on having nearly thirty divisions of the NATO forces in Europe brought up to full strength as soon as possible. This will mean that actual production of American weapons and vehicles will have to substantially increase to bring the French and other divisions in Europe up to battle readiness. It is true that much of this increase can be met out of funds already appropriated, but a sudden increase in production of this kind was not contemplated at the time when it was planned that next year's military budget would show a substantial reduction on this year's.

WITH THESE FACTORS in mind one is driven to the conclusion that if the military budget is really to be reduced by some fifteen thousand million dollars the Chiefs of Staff must be working on the assumption that the war in Korea will be over, and that the American military commitment in the Far East will be substantially reduced.

The exact cost to the United States of maintaining the 8th U.S. Army in Korea and the Far East Air Force and Navy are not known, but it is undoubtedly the most costly local action ever fought, and the transport alone of men, equipment and supplies over 3,000 miles of sea is a vast drain of money, which is made more costly by the American system of replacing their fighting men with those at home.

Therefore, if for any reason it ceases to be a reasonable assumption that the Korean war will end before the financial year 1952-53 is well advanced, it is very doubtful if the Administration can present a smaller military budget to Congress, however much it may wish to.—*OFNS*

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GEORGETOWN ONT

HAMILTON FLASHBACK

CASE OF THE HONEST LAWYER

by Thomas P. Kelly

THE Ontario Liquor Control Board are certainly not a superstitious lot. Defying a curse which dates back to the days of the American Revolution, the Board recently ordered that the name of the Honest Lawyer Hotel of Hamilton be changed to the Colonial House.

The curse calls for paralysis to fall on the hand of "the iconoclast who ventures to change in any way this old memorial sign." At the time of this writing the Board has yet to announce any new case of paralysis among its members.

Located on Mary Street, and just around the corner from Central Police Station, Hamilton lawyers have been congregating at the Honest Lawyer Hotel for years. Approval and disapproval of the change—one that has been brewing for five years—was voiced by the city's practising barristers. A Hamilton paper mentions that:

"While the house was named in complimentary gesture after a barrister famed for his integrity, modern lawyers seemed to resent the inference that there could be any other kinds of lawyers except honest ones."

IT ALL BEGAN a hundred and seventy-five years ago.

The American Revolution was just getting under way. The muskets at Lexington and Concord hadn't cooled; Paul Revere's horse was still breathing hard from his historic run, and the British Regulars had yet to charge and take Bunker's Hill, when Henry Upton of Philadelphia found himself neck-deep in trouble, with prison and possibly a noose in the offing.

Upton, a staunch British Loyalist, had not only made himself unpopular by his political views; he had practically mounted the proverbial soapbox, loudly denouncing all who would bear arms against The Crown.

Those were precarious days in America, for any supporter of George III; and there came one of them when the arrest of Henry Upton was ordered. He learned of it while the warrant was being prepared. A fairly well-to-do man, Upton hurriedly gathered all the cash and personal valuables he could lay his hands on; he entrusted his house and landholdings to a lawyer named MacKay, and was rumbling out of Philadelphia in the family coach, along with his wife, son and two daughters, as enforcers of the law were banging on the door of his home.

It seems that the Uptons had several other narrow escapes, but luck held out for them, and finally arriving in Canada, undoubtedly by way of Niagara Falls, they completed their four hundred mile journey by settling near what is now Hamilton.

Prosperity did not immediately beam on Henry Upton. For three years he operated a farm with little success, while across the border the Revolutionary War continued to rage on. Then misfortune struck hard at Henry Upton. He broke his leg, became permanently lame and was obliged to give up his farm. He used the remainder of his meager capital to build and run a small tavern known as Upton's Inn. Two more years passed.

On numerous occasions Upton sought to get in touch with the Philadelphia lawyer, to whom he had turned over his entire holdings, with orders to dispose of them then meet him at some future date with the money resulting from the sales.

During the passing years he sent several letters to MacKay by Indian runners, telling of his whereabouts: but they were never answered and he had no way of knowing if they were received. Of course, he did not dare to return to Philadelphia. Meanwhile, Upton was just able to eke out an existence for himself and family with the small inn. If he only had the money that was rightfully his, he often reflected, he could build the elaborate establishment that would mean ease and financial security. And so time passed, while Henry Upton continued to wait and hope—hope—.

Then on a fall night in 1781, with a cold wind telling of oncoming winter, and five years after Upton had arrived in Canada, a weary stranger rode a jaded horse into the small settlement that was then Hamilton, and pulled up before Upton's Inn.

It was MacKay, "The Honest Lawyer," with a fortune he might easily have appropriated for himself. His saddle bags were loaded with the gold and gilt-edged securities he had gained in disposing of the Upton holdings.

With ample funds, Henry Upton was able to build the inn he had long planned. At the suggestion of his daughter, Cora, and in memory of MacKay, it was named and a sign proclaimed it as the "HONEST LAWYER HOUSE." For almost a hundred and seventy years such a sign has been a Hamilton landmark.

Certainly not all of Hamilton's barristers are in favor of the changing of the name of the hotel. As one of them put it: "It's a further contribution to the drabness of our everyday lives. It seems as if all the color is being drained out of living." And Henry Schreiber, president of the Hamilton Lawyers' Association, summed up the issue by saying that "any man has a right to call his business by whatever name he pleases." He added that he hated to see the Honest Lawyer disappear from the scene.

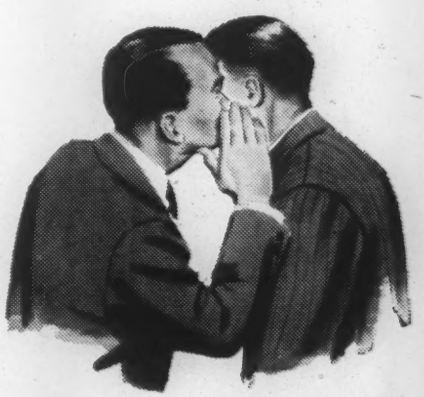
Seemingly, so do many other of the city's leading barristers. But the fact remains that it has disappeared. As to that ancient curse?

Time alone will tell.

—Commercial Engravers, Hamilton

ANCIENT CURSE of paralysis has not yet operated against members of the LCBO, who changed the name of the Honest Lawyer House to Colonial House.

THOMAS KELLY *is a Canadian free-lance writer who has appeared in Canadian and U.S. publications.*



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C. F. THIELE: ENTERPRISER

BANDSMAN-BUSINESSMAN

by William Cockman

ARMED with ambition, some fine ideals and a dozen talents, Charles F. Thiele of Waterloo, Ont., approaches the 70's still giving leadership in business and bands.

"Professor" to thousands, Mr. Thiele has made a collective success of his life as musician, bandmaster, composer, master-of-ceremonies, teacher, publisher, lecturer, inventor, merchant, manufacturer, businessman and gentleman farmer.

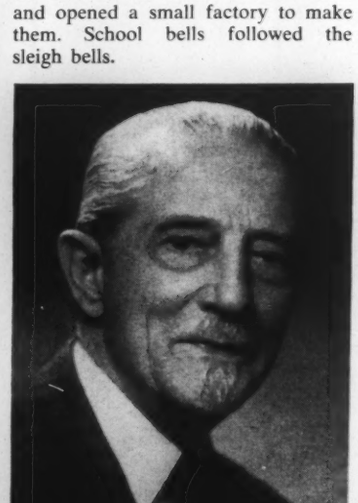
He is best known among bandsmen on this continent for his guest appearance as conductor and adjudicator (he has led as many as 50 massed bands at one time) and for his international band festivals at Waterloo each summer. Attendance at these "Thiele" festivals has run as high as 30,000 in a day.

But many bandsmen who know C. F. Thiele as musician, composer, director and music publisher do not know that he is also a practical and successful inventor-manufacturer.

That he makes musical instruments is not surprising. That he manufactures park benches, trunk locks, school bells and books ends, suitcase hinges or desk paper files, now standard equipment in many banks, is.

Musicians have long published their own compositions but Charles Thiele has established his own company, doing all his own engraving and publishing. He produces a wide range of books for school-music classes in every grade from primary to collegiate departments of education in New Brunswick, Ontario, Saskatchewan and British Columbia as well as for some American states. Nearly a half-million copies of text books he has written and published are in use throughout Canada.

He followed the publishing of text books with the manufacture of tambourines, sleigh bells and percussion instruments called for in his course and opened a small factory to make them. School bells followed the sleigh bells.



—Belair, Kitchener

CHARLES THIELE: Twelve new partners.

To fill the need for inexpensive band instruments of Canadian-make, he started manufacturing cornets, trumpets and other brass instruments. Impatient one time with a broken strap on the lid of his music case, he invented a hinge that made straps unnecessary. When he needed music stands in a hurry one time and discovered that no collapsible stands were made in Canada, he bought a few lengths of malleable iron and made his own. Now he is the only Canadian manufacturer of collapsible metal music stands.

HIS FACTORY now occupies part of a city block in Waterloo. It includes a foundry, die casting shop, machine shop, woodworking shop, and gold, silver and nickel plating shop. One large building holds his factory, publishing plant, retail music store, warehouse and classrooms, band room and what is considered the finest band-music library in the Dominion.

This month he made Ontario headlines when he distributed stock in the business among 12 of his veteran employees, according to their length of service. The "partners", as Thiele calls them, now own 45 per cent of the firm.

He is a director of the Canada Health and Accident Assurance Corporation.

He is President of the Ontario Amateur Bands Association, Founder and Past President of the Canadian Bandmasters' Association and a member of the American Bandmasters Association.

He is much in demand as an adjudicator at band festivals throughout Canada and the U.S. and has composed many of the test pieces.

He guest-conducts as many as 80 band concerts in a season as well as his Sunday evening concerts in Waterloo Park, by now an established institution. His Waterloo Musical Society Band ranks high among Canadian amateur bands.

His camp at Bamberg in Waterloo County trains young bandsmen as musicians and bandmasters. He calls the camp "Bandberg" and wants the village to take this name too.

Mr. Thiele has established the camp on a 600-acre farm and supports the campers' free outings with a well-managed livestock program on his farm. His son, Arnold, and a daughter, Mrs. C. Bender, assist in this philanthropy. Dr. Charles O'Neill heads the camp faculty.

A piano-accordion festival held there each June brings as many as 500 accordionists to the camp. In addition, band clinics and symposiums bring prominent bandsmen from Canada and the U.S. at regular intervals.

"Professor" Thiele was in charge of the band festival at the Canadian National Exhibition for 27 years. This was the blueprint for his annual festival at Waterloo where bands receive no cash prizes and pay their own expenses and admission fees.

B U S I N E S S

CANADA'S OUTLOOK FOR 1952

by Michael Barkway

This, the third great period of Canadian growth, coincides with heavy demands on the economy for defence production.

MORE THAN HALF the Canadian people (in fact, nearly six out of ten) will greet the New Year through misted windows looking out onto town or city streets. To them, worrying about Stalin or the grocery bill or the traffic tangles, it may seem unimportant that a few pioneers are pushing back the Canadian frontiers on the frozen muskeg of the north. But these pioneers, discovering, developing and exploiting Canada's hidden resources, are changing the background of all our lives.

As we move from 1951 into 1952 Canada is in the midst of one of the great expansive periods of her history. Here are dramatic signs of it: the 350-mile railway pushing up into the heart of the Ungava peninsula for iron-ore and who-knows-what besides; the 160-mile railway that extends Manitoba's mining north from Sherridon to Lynn Lake; the new uranium town that Eldorado is building at Beaver Lodge Lake in northern Saskatchewan; the huge aluminum project at Kitimat in northern BC; the oil pipeline that's projected from Edmonton to Vancouver and the north-western states; the new roads from Lake St. John to the Chibougamau area of Quebec and from Mayo to Whitehorse in the Yukon.

The oil wells that are beginning to dot the prairies and the Peace River district, the gas wells that turned up almost by accident, the new copper in the Gaspé, the new zinc at Barraute, PQ, Mindamar, NS and the tungsten finds in southern BC, the titanium deposits along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, the iron-ore at Steep Rock and the magnetite in Eastern Ontario: these are the raw-materials that spur developments. These stir the imagination.

WHEN YOU THINK of all these, $300 million for the canal part of an all-Canadian St. Lawrence Seaway seems only a moderate investment. Even a 2,000-mile pipeline to bring gas across Canada from Alberta to Quebec seems a sober and sensible proposition.

Yet resource development is only one of the three big things Canada is trying to do. The second is expansion of secondary industries and public services. The third is a defence program.

When you realize how we have pushed ahead with all three in 1951, it is not surprising that we should end the year with a large current account deficit in our external trade. It's not likely to be less than $700 million and may be nearer $800 million.

Canada has exported more than ever before, in volume as well as in value. But all the goods and services we provided for other people were not enough to pay for the goods and services we needed from other countries.

The Iron Ore Company of Canada is pouring out millions of dollars before it can get any return from the Knob Lake ore. The Aluminum Company expects to spend $160 million before it gets any aluminum from Kitimat. In the same way Canada as a nation is expanding its resources beyond what it can hope to finance from its own savings and earnings.

The deficit on current account might be sinister if it were not matched by a surplus on capital account. But throughout the year American investors were ready to support Canadian development. They took up more than $300 million of provincial and municipal bonds alone—quite apart from bonds and equity capital in branch plants and new resource developments. The capital inflow will come near to matching the current account deficit. If we end the year with reduced reserves, the reduction will not be of serious proportions.

WE HAVEN'T done such substantial foreign borrowing to match a current account deficit since 1930. In that year we spent $337 million more than we earned—$337 million compared with a gross national product of only $5,348 million. That's more than 6 per cent of GNP. This year—assuming the current account deficit doesn't go much above $700 million—it will be only 3 per cent of our gross national product, which will probably reach something like $21.5 billion. So, although we are borrowing now, we are also paying for a much larger share of our own development than we could in 1930. We have been putting at least 22 per cent of our total income into capital investment. Most economists agree that's about as big a percentage as you can use for this purpose.

This is the third great period of Canadian expansion this century, and the greatest of the three. There was the settlement of the West between 1900 and 1913, financed mostly by British capital. This was the period of "horizontal" expansion: Canada was spreading out. Then there was the industrial growth of the late '20's, financed mostly by American capital. This was a period of "vertical" expansion: a thickening rather than a spreading out.

TODAY we are expanding both ways: thickening as well as spreading out. You can see this by looking at the things Canadians do. It is not in the frontiers that employment is increasing. It is not to the frontiers that the new immigrants go. It is not even resource development that has been taking the greater part of the capital investment.

According to the official classification, "manufacturing" (which includes even such preliminary processes as smelting and oil refining) took 22 per cent of our capital investment in 1950: in 1951 it took 29 per cent. "Primary" industries—mining, drilling, agriculture, logging—took 26 per cent in 1950; but only 23 per cent in 1951. In 1951, moreover, "utilities" took more than either. Resource development is the base for our expansion: But in terms of men and money it is the processing and servicing industries and the secondary developments which make the boom. (Another sign of the same thing is the large part played by provincial, municipal and utility bonds in this year's capital inflow.)

This relation between primary and secondary

RESOURCE DEVELOPMENT FEEDS EXPANSION
MAYO TO WHITEHORSE ROAD —FOR ORE TRANSPORT
KITIMAT—ALUMINUM AND HYDRO DEVELOPMENT
BEAVERLODGE, ACE LAKE URANIUM DEVELOPMENT
LYNN LAKE—COPPER, NICKEL MINE DEVELOPMENT
OIL, GAS IN ALBERTA
KNOB LAKE IRON ORE DEPOSITS
ALLARD LAKE TITANIUM
CHIBOUGAMAU RICH MINERAL DISTRICT BEING OPENED UP
NORANDA NEW COPPER CONCESSION
NEW HYDRO DEVELOPMENT FOR ALCAN
PGE RR EXTENSION VANCOUVER TO SQUAMISH QUESNEL TO PRINCE GEORGE
STEEP ROCK AND ASSOCIATED IRON ORE DEVELOPMENTS
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—Kenneth Roberts

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development is one of the principal keys to the outlook for 1952. The basic resource developments are bound to go on. Most of them are four- or five-year projects. It will be 1954 before Labrador ore reaches market, or Lynn Lake copper or Kitimat aluminum. Development of new resources—specially in this metals field—fits in, fortunately for us, with the defence needs of the Western world. We can develop new mines, new oilfields and new communications with a clear conscience: they are an important part of our defence contribution.

But the other two big things we are attempting do not always combine so happily. Expansion of civilian industries and services sometimes conflicts with defence needs. This is one reason why the level of investment in 1952 may be lower than it has been in 1951. Through its new rules about deferred depreciation and through its influence on the distribution of scarce materials, the Government will be discouraging capital expansions which cannot be shown to help the defence effort.

In the first part of the year, at least, steel and other scarce materials threaten to be rationed more strictly than hitherto. Towards the latter part of 1952 the Steel Company of Canada's new plant is due to come into production. U.S. steel capacity will also be up substantially. It is a matter of time before capacity catches up with defence needs in most critical materials. But he'd be a bold man who'd prophesy the time.

DEFENCE NEEDS and scarcities apart, much Canadian business will start 1952 more cautiously than it started 1951. For the first time since before the war many Canadian businesses have experienced—sometimes painfully experienced—the fact that consumer demand has a limit. They will not be planning further expansions till they can get a better idea what Canadians are prepared to buy, and at what sort of price.

Some definite "soft spots"—to use the cheerful official jargon—are already indicated. Housing will be slack; so will the consumer durables like washing-machines, refrigerators and so forth. The textile industry also faces a more difficult year. Military orders which helped it along this year will be slackening off from the first quarter on.

There are also some signs that the spate of pure borrowing in the United States may be nearly exhausted. Provinces and municipalities may not be treading so frequently the path they have beaten to the New York financiers' doors. If *direct* American investment keeps up, Canada probably won't be seeking so many funds for secondary services and consumer industries.

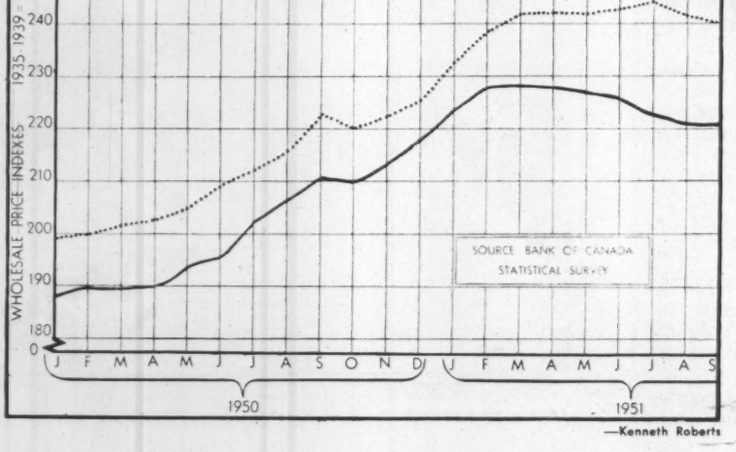
UNEMPLOYMENT is bound to be higher in the early part of the year. The seasonal peak in February will see a good many more people out of jobs than last year. And there will not be very much that anybody can do about it. The unemployment will be localized: not a very serious factor in the overall national picture, but uncomfortable in some districts.

1952 starts with prices at a higher level than they were at the beginning of 1951. But the trend is not surging upwards as it was then. To judge from the way prices are levelling out in the U.S.—with Canada lagging behind but moving the same way—1952 should bring greater price stability.

The international field always remains uncertain; but there appears no immediate excuse for a repetition of the alarms and excursions of 12 months ago. Subject always to the unpredictable volatility of our American neighbors, the prospect is for what our own Government has always prophesied. We face a long, hard period of uneasy peace, with rearmament reaching a peak about 1954, then levelling off, but not stopping within any foreseeable period. There's no good reason to expect a sudden end to the "cold war" which might turn things soft. Nor is there any predictable reason for a new war scare to send prices up again.

Defence spending can hardly help being higher in 1952 than 1951. The natural development of the prescribed program would ensure that. But, in addition, it is beginning to seem unlikely that Canada can escape some increased share in the NATO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



—Kenneth Roberts

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 260

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1952 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of FEBRUARY 1952, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1951. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
JAMES STEWART
General Manager

Toronto, 7th December 1951

THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Dividend No. 93

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.50 per share, with an extra distribution of $4.50 per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, has this day been declared for the six months ending 31st December, 1951, payable on the 15th day of January, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 17th day of December, 1951.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
December 7, 1951.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a final dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1951, payable in Canadian funds on February 29, 1952, to shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on December 28, 1951.

Of this dividend twenty-five cents is attributable to railway earnings and fifty cents to income from other sources.

By Order of the Board.
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 10, 1951.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 94

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending December 31st, 1951, payable by cheque dated January 15th, 1952, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on December 31st, 1951.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
December 6th, 1951.

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY
LIMITED

Common Dividend No. 57

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on November 26th, 1951, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable January 2nd, 1952, to shareholders of record December 14th, 1951.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario.
December 5, 1951.

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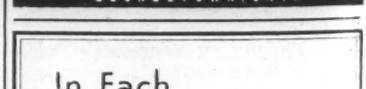

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

In Each Issue—

SATURDAY NIGHT

★ Departments
★ Editorials
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BUSINESS COMMENT

UAW ASLEEP AT SWITCH

by P. M. Richards

THE United Automobile Workers aren't keeping up with the times. They haven't heard that times have changed; that for a while at least, our twelve-year boom is on the shelf. Putting aside considerations of duty during an international defence emergency, there is the simple fact that economic conditions are far from favorable to a strike now.

When times are lush, a price increase doesn't discourage buyers; they may complain but they buy. But when unemployment is back and even those with seemingly steady jobs feel insecure and the shifts of the cost-of-living index have become front page news, a price increase is something else again. It means, inevitably, that fewer of those products will be consumed.

Looking at the strike at Ford of Canada, let us disregard for a moment the rival statements of management and union and consider the position of a third party to the dispute —the consumer of Ford products. He is a rather important fellow, since both contestants work for him and live only by his favor. If he doesn't buy, they're both out of work!

The vital fact ignored by the UAW is that Mr. Consumer is not buying now. He has already made up his mind. Automobile purchases, and those of other durable goods, have been trending downward for months and right now appear to be heading sharply lower. This is the time the UAW picks for a strike.

Though Canada's economy is basically sound and the long-term prospect is for continued expansion, conditions are going to be difficult over the next few months because of the pressure of defence demands and the need for increased diversion from consumer use of steel and other materials already in short supply. Non-essential production and employment will be hit harder than they have been yet.

The UAW may not know it, but this is a bad time to rock the economic boat in which the UAW are passengers along with everybody else.

Unions' Future

THE way the unions keep driving for and winning wage increases, it seems certain that though their members are going to get very high rates of wages when they work, they won't work much because the consuming public (the vast majority of whom do not share in the unions' wage increases) cannot afford to employ them at the price they demand for their work. The consumers will do without their products, or use others made by less-costly labor.

Did I say will? This is already happening. Consumers are not refraining from buying automobiles and refrigerators because they are mad with the manufacturers or with the unions, but because they can't afford to pay present prices. Still fewer will be able to pay future prices.

The simple fact (so simple that everyone sees it except the unions) is that organized labor is progressively pricing itself out of its market.

Stock Exchange

WHAT IS a stock exchange? Since the recent stock racketeering hullabaloo, a good many Canadians would probably answer that it is some kind of a gambling casino, or pit for the shearing of venturesome lambs.

But, actually, a stock exchange is a valuable and virtuous instrument of our private enterprise economy and even of democracy itself.

A basic and vital difference between communism and democracy is that in Russia industry is operated by the Government at public expense but with the people having little or no say in it, whereas in a democracy industry is owned by individuals who risk their own money and efforts and who are stimulated by competition to produce abundantly and cheaply. The former supplies the people with what the Government decides to give them; the latter with what the people actually want.

In the democracy, participation in ownership of an industry is represented by ownership (stock) certificates stating the number of shares held by an individual, and these certificates may be transferred from one holder to another by selling and buying on the stock exchange where this stock issue is listed. The stock exchange is thus a market—and essentially no more than a market—for the sale and purchase of securities. But its influence is greater than this suggests since its very existence facilitates participation in ventures which, if successful, will benefit the public and its owners by producing more goods and services and providing employment.

The capitalistic system of ownership and transference-of-ownership of industry makes it possible for anyone —literally anyone—to be an owner or part-owner of industry, since many stocks are traded on the exchange at prices within the reach of anyone with a few dollars. The worker may have fewer shares than his boss, but he bought them and holds them on exactly the same terms; he can attend shareholders' meetings and can unite, if he chooses, with other small holders to outvote the big fellow.

An important point of this system is that the individual owner does not have to be an active worker in the industry in which he owns shares; he may, at one and the same time, drive a taxi and be part-owner of a gold mine, a shoe factory and a steel mill. He can stay at home and yet contribute to and benefit from the development of these enterprises.

All this would not be possible without the stock exchange. The stock

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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

exchange itself is not concerned with whether stocks go up or down in price but only with the maintenance of honest trading conditions. The recent stock racketeering in Ontario was not a product of the exchange but of a few dishonest brokers outside it who were foisting new mining and oil stocks on U.S. buyers by false promises of quick profits.

Uneven Record

THE Canadian economy is in a good state of health, but the uneven industrial record of the past year reflects the shift in emphasis arising out of world political conditions, said Stanley M. Wedd, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the bank's annual meeting of shareholders. Mr. Wedd suggested that businessmen might do well to keep a close eye on their inventory position in the months ahead.

MORE than once in modern times there has been a curious disinclination on the part of national or international authorities in charge of monetary policies to recognize that gold has been selling at a premium over the paper money issued by the various governments, said Robert Rae in his presidential speech at the Dominion Bank's annual meeting.

He recalled the Bullion Report of 1810 which admitted two facts which previously had been contradicted and denied by those in authority: that the monetary policy pursued, particularly in Britain, during the Napoleonic Wars had inevitably led to the discounting of Bank of England notes against gold, and that the need for a stable medium, of international exchange especially, could be met only by setting up a gold standard.

This was done in 1821. Thereafter the pound sterling was a gold coin freely bought and sold, the fixed price of which in Bank of England notes guided the Bank's credit policy until in August, 1914, the link of the pound sterling with gold was broken.

Of all the great measures of reform which benefitted Western man during the 19th century, and which made possible an unprecedented all-round improvement in mankind's standard of comfort, this enactment of a gold standard was one of the most important, Mr. Rae said. He suggested that the International Monetary Fund's decision on September 28 last that gold, in effect, would now be permitted to find its own price in relation to paper money, was a belated recognition in Washington of the same situation in our time as was recognized in London by the Bullion Report of 1810.

In Mr. Rae's opinion, that decision plainly indicated that a reform of the domestic monetary policies of IMF member countries is required to discourage hoarding. He added: "Not yet has the thought of our generation on currency problems led us to the decisive point which our great-grandfathers reached in 1821. But we may perhaps be glad that it is now moving in the right direction."

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 22"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending December 31st, 1951, payable January 19th, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31st, 1951.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S., Secretary.

CANADA'S OUTLOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

effort. What form this may take is not known, because it's not yet decided what, if anything, extra we should do. If our extra contribution is mainly financial, the chief strain will fall on the balance of payments. If it involves increased arms production it could conceivably help the employment picture but it would put an added strain on the civilian economy.

These are the signs making for a cautious approach to 1952:—soft spots in certain industries and seasonal unemployment in certain districts; possible shortages, especially in the early part of the year, of certain key materials: a probable levelling off (rather than reduction) of prices; heavy defence spending; continuing high (but not necessarily increased) levels of taxation.

But when all this is said, the underlying basis of the economy is uncommonly strong. Last year's estimate that the gross national product would reach $20 billion in 1951 was admittedly a cautious one. In fact it has soared to well over $21 billion and may easily be $21.5 billion. Even conservative prophets look for a substantial increase again in 1952. Next year's gross national product can hardly be less than $22.6 billion: it's more likely to be higher.

MARKETS for our principal exports look firm. In spite of spotty unemployment, the level of personal incomes is high and should remain so. The level of savings this year was substantially higher than in 1950. After the exaggerated peaks and dips of the last 12 months, consumer demand will probably level out somewhere below the excessive heights of last January and February and somewhere above the reaction of the summer. The basic program of resource development will go on steadily.

We now lack the feverish symptome of last year's roaring start—and we may be all the better for it. We may attempt less in the way of secondary capital developments. But basically we remain in one of the great periods of Canadian expansion.

Those pioneers laying steel in the north, the drillers grinding wells into the prairie sub-soil, the miners tunnelling and stoping in nearly every province; they may seem irrelevant as you look out of your misted window on New Year's morning. But at bottom they provide the warrant for the confidence with which we may face 1952.

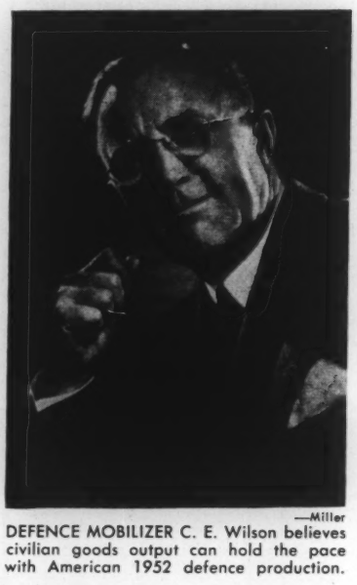
U.S. BUSINESS

SIGNPOSTS FOR U.S. 1952

by R. L. Hoadley

THE U.S. apparently will struggle through the heaviest period of the defence program with a minimum disturbance to its economy. Defence mobilizers are promising that with "minor exceptions" military-production goals can be met without further devastating cuts in civilian output.

Still ahead, however, is the real pinch in non-military goods using nickel and copper. At the same time



—Miller

DEFENCE MOBILIZER C. E. Wilson believes civilian goods output can hold the pace with American 1952 defence production.

supplies of rubber, and probably steel, will become more plentiful next year.

The top brass in Washington are still issuing warnings, to anyone who will listen, of added inflationary pressures that may recur anytime. But it is generally recognized that these warnings are part of the psychological warfare against complacency. Prices are slightly on the upgrade. However, the rise is now down to a crawl and has been for months. Living costs, as measured by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, have advanced only 2 per cent in 1951 in sharp contrast to the 8 per cent jump from the Korean outbreak to the end of 1950.

Defence expenditures are running about $2.5 billion a month and are scheduled to rise another billion in the next six months. These mounting defence costs should keep activity in durable goods from sagging. And there are a few signs that the decline in soft goods like textiles has been arrested. Merchants are counting on the holiday season and traditional January sales to complete the clean-up of excess stocks. The seasonal rise in inventories this fall has been less than usual—indicating that inventories are slowly being brought back in line with sales.

Meanwhile the first of the official Washington predictions on the 1952 outlook is out. The Agricultural Department (whose economists occupy top ranking among the federal agencies) estimates that 1952 production of goods and services will jump by $22 billion in 1952 to a rate of $360 billion. And it is bold to say the Government will be spending at the annual rate of $94 billion in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1953 against $78 billion this year and $50 billion last year.

Outcome of the Korean war and doubts over the long-run outlook, when building falls off and the defence program passes its peak, are factors of uncertainty. Yet no serious deflation appears in immediate prospect according to dominant opinion in trade and finance. In earlier times, an election year was a time of caution and hesitation. More recently, an election year brings increased spending calculated to win election districts —synthetic though such a prosperity may be.

Commercial Jets Again

ANOTHER ATTEMPT is being made to revive interest in an American-made commercial jet transport plane. Earlier plans to have the Government subsidize the development of jet transports never materialized. The idea now in the talk stage is for plane makers and the airlines to pool $25 million in an experimental project.

The aviation industry would like to get the project under way to forestall Congressional action to provide the necessary funds for the development. They fear Government participation would saddle them with a military-type plane they emphatically do not want.

Aluminum Bottleneck

DEFENCE officials are making no headway in their drive to get more producers (preferably small concerns) into the aluminum production picture. Big Anaconda Copper has offered to build an aluminum plant but the Justice and Interior departments have refused their approval.

Meanwhile the supply situation seems to be going from bad to worse. Defence estimates for the 1952 first quarter are so much larger than the supply that the Government is faced with two alternatives: to dip into the Government stockpile, or issue a "death sentence" to small producers of civilian aluminum goods.

Fisheries Slump

ON the instigation of New England's declining fishing industry, the U.S. Tariff Commission is investigating the import of frozen fillets of fish from Canada and Iceland. A little research on the fisheries off the Maine and Massachusetts coastlines reveals that the tariff uproar is due largely to rising production costs aggravated by continual differences between dealers, fishermen and labor unions.

New England certainly has its troubles with textile mills moving south and fishes moving north.

CANADIAN BUSINESS

THEY MOVED A RIVER

by James Mercer

FOR HUNDREDS of spectators perched high on a rocky hillside overlooking the Manicouagan River one morning this month, it was all fun and frolic. Far below, the wild waters of the Manicouagan — Quebec's third largest river—roared along their ageless channel to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Somewhere down there, the spectators knew, was a gigantic cache of dynamite which, in a few minutes, was supposed to blow the river out of its bed. Warming their fingers at a bonfire, they chattered and laughed as they waited for the big show.

But a scant mile across the valley, up under a water tower where a small group stood watch on the firing switch, there was no chatter, and the only laughter was from tension. To John Sterling, resident engineer for the Manicouagan Power Co., to youthful Paul Hotte and Roger Turcot — assistant project engineer and powderman for Angus Robertson Ltd., general contractors, to Ken Ed, technical service manager and Tom Crandell, technical service representative of the Explosives Division, Canadian Industries Ltd., the operation was deadly serious.

Months of painstaking work on their part, and on the part of dozens of their associates, and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars—on their say so—was at stake. In a few moments their judgment, plans and decisions would be put to the test.

FROM the very beginning, in trying to harness the Manicouagan for hydro-electric development—the present plan calls for 45,000 horsepower, with a potential of 90,000 horsepower, at a cost of $15 million—they had faced unique problems. At the selected power dam site, the turbulent river races through a narrow, curving gorge at a rate varying from 5,000 cubic feet of water per second in winter to 240,000 cubic feet per second—a higher flow than Niagara Falls—during spring floods. Because of uneven river bed contours, the great depth of water, and the danger from flash floods, the usual device of building coffer dams had to be ruled out as a means of providing a dry river bed for construction of the main power dam.

Dozens of plans were submitted, and it was finally decided to try to divert the river past the construction area through a tunnel. This, it was figured, could be closed off after completion of the main dam, but would also serve as a safety outlet during flood seasons.

The tunnel—1,800 feet long and 35 feet in diameter—designed to cut off the gorge, involved the drilling of more than 120,000 feet of blast holes, the use of 213,000 pounds of explosives, and the removal of some 200,000 tons of granite. Driving of the tunnel was stopped just short of the river at each end, with the remaining rock serving as "plugs" to keep the river from entering before the appointed hour.

Each plug was then undermined with a network of small "coyote" tunnels which extended far out under the river bed. Some 45,000 pounds of dynamite were placed in the coyote tunnels — more than 9,000 pounds made up into 13 individual charges in the upstream plug. Double trunk lines of an explosive fuse which detonates at 20,350 feet per second, were connected to the charges, with a separate circuit for each plug. Electric blasting caps were connected to the fuses with wires leading to the switch box, 1,500 feet away.

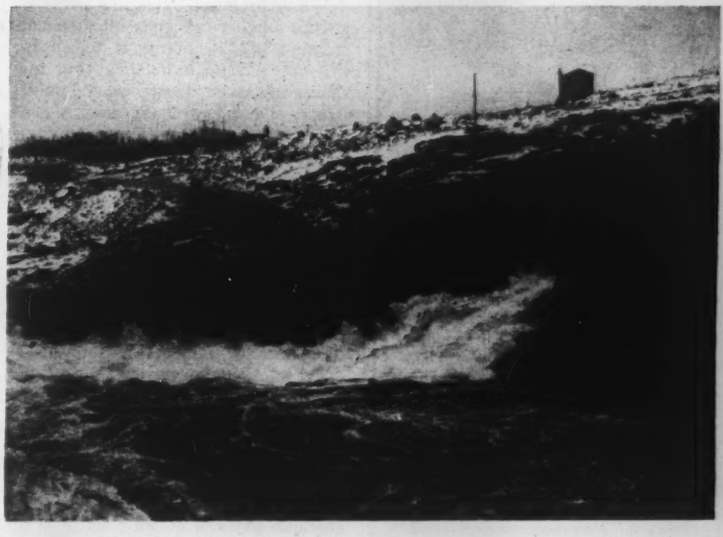
At 11:00 a.m., the lower plug was blasted, clearing the way for the water to rejoin the river below the gorge, if and when the blasting of the upper plug was successful.

At 11:35 sharp a button was pressed that gave a signal to the group under the water tower. Roger Turcot closed the blasting switch. The valley shook to a mighty crunch as the 36,000 pounds of dynamite blew more than 15,000 tons of solid granite out of the earth, shattering and dispersing it, and sending a cloud of rock, mud and water over 1,000 feet into the air.

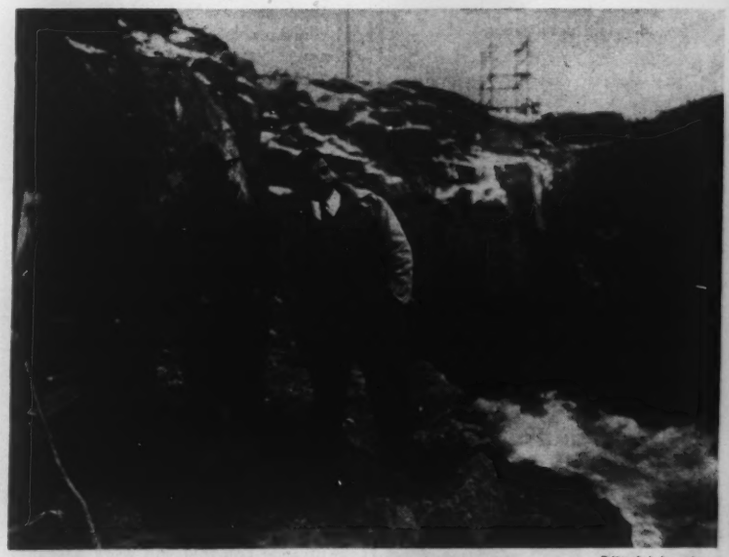
When the smoke cleared, the river could be seen rushing into the funnel-shaped mouth of the tunnel. The wild Manicouagan had been haltered, and right on schedule.

Four hours later, the old river bed was virtually dry at the site of the proposed main power dam. Men were walking back and forth where earlier in the day a centuries-old cataract had thundered.

BLASTING rock, mud and water over 1,000 feet into the air, 36,000 pounds of dynamite go off. Blast opened upper portal of 1,800 foot diversion tuhnel.



WITH THE TUNNEL opened, over 20,000 cu. ft. of water a second pour through lower portal. Diverting river made it possible to build power dam "in the dry."



—Editorial Associates

RIVER MOVERS, Paul Hotte, assistant project engineer, Roger Turcot, project blasting boss, Tom Crandell, CIL explosives man, survey results of blasting.

BOOKS FOR BUSINESS

BALANCE SHEETS AND THE LENDING BANKER—by J. H. Clemens—*Burton's, Montreal*—$3.

THIS IS a book which has received a good deal of attention from bankers in England, as it introduces a number of new ideas about the interpretation of balance sheets in conjunction with the other essential information about the borrower's current transactions. The conditions, laws and business practices dealt with are English, and some adjustments will be necessary in Canada; but the book is intended to be of use to readers on this continent and contains a useful glossary of American equivalents for scores of terms which are not used on this side of the Atlantic. On both sides, however, the essential thing is the assurance that cash will continue to flow in to the extent necessary to pay off borrowings, and this book is a very clear guide to the best indications whether this will or will not be the case.

INSURANCE

INCREASES IN AUTO RATES

by L. D. Millar

EVEN though business boomed during 1951, executives of automobile-insurance companies are not happy about the result. All officials contacted reported that while they had had a substantial increase in volume of business written, the amount paid out in losses was proportionately greater. One key insurance man predicted that the ratio of losses to premiums will be at least ten per cent higher than last year.

As the amount paid for accidents takes the larger part of the premium dollar, it does not take an oracle to foresee that the car owner is going to have to pay more for his car insurance. Companies cannot offset any major increase in loss ratio by economies as their total overhead costs—aside from claims paid and commissions to agents—account for only about 18 or 19 cents of the premium dollar. In 1950, fire and casualty insurance companies made an underwriting gain of about 4.4 per cent on all classes of insurance. With automobile insurance traditionally one of the less profitable lines, an increase of ten per cent or more in losses is going to plunge this class into the red.

While premium rates are likely to go up, much work goes into the calculating of the premium to ensure that you pay no more than your fair share. A record of every policy issued and every claim paid is sent to a central statistical bureau appointed by the Provincial Superintendents of Insurance. This material is tabulated for each kind of insurance, for various territories, for the purpose to which car is used and the type of car insured.

When all this information is collated it is possible to calculate the average frequency and average cost of claims for various kinds of insurance in different territories and the premium is based on this experience. For example, if you live in Toronto you may pay almost double what a car owner in northern Ontario pays for public-liability and property-damage coverage, because statistics show that the chances of your being in an accident are twice as great if you drive in Toronto as they are if you drive in northern Ontario.

The use to which the car is put also affects the premium you pay. If you use your car only for pleasure and to drive to and from work (and if it is not driven by anyone under 25 years old) you are eligible for select rating and a lower premium. If your car is used for pleasure but is driven by someone under 25 years old, you pay a higher premium because accident experience of youthful drivers has been bad. A still higher rate is paid when the car is used for business purposes, that is by a salesman, traveller, etc. because he drives more miles in the year and therefore his chances of accident are greater.

It is obvious that insurance companies must get enough in premiums to meet claims made against them and pay operating costs, otherwise they must go out of business. On the other hand, if premium rates continue to rise more people will drive without insurance or with inadequate insurance and that will work hardship to everyone, insurance companies, car owners and victims of accidents.

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—Karsh

BACK FROM SIBERIA: Though it seemed almost incredible to Canadians who met her on a recent visit to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, beautiful, charming and intelligent Elinor Lipper is a survivor of the dread Kolyma slave gold camp in farthest Siberia. She is presently touring America to help raise funds for the International Rescue Committee, which aids Iron Curtain refugees. Her story, "11 Years in Soviet Prison Camps" (Regnery), also appeared in Readers Digest.

A BRAVE TRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

a gun stuck in his ribs by his passengers. Soldiers, police and frontier guards, ostensibly Communist, have from time to time marched into Austria, uniformed and fully armed and given themselves up.

Innumerable ski parties have crossed the Austrian frontier in the mountains. Railwaymen in Vienna stations, hearing cries, have crawled beneath engines to rescue half-frozen human beings who have travelled in this way from Prague or Budapest. Other fugitives have crawled out, badly injured, from beneath truckloads of coal. But the hazards have become steadily greater.

The story of perhaps the strangest of all attempts to escape was told me by a Hungarian escapee, now settled in Graz, in Austria. This Hungarian had a friend, a cooper, who lived on the banks of the Danube in the northern Hungarian county of Fejer. Although Austria was the nearest sanctuary, he dared not risk the minefields with his wife and family, and instead decided to try to escape via Yugoslavia. So, during months of patient work, he constructed an enormous cask. He and his wife could crouch inside it and the children could stand upright. Surreptitiously, he collected tinned food and blankets.

The cooper concealed a primitive rudder underneath his cask, attached a ventilation shaft with a "conning tower" and a periscope six inches high, and weighted his cask with stones until it rode just below the level of the river. Then, one dark night he rolled the barrel into the Danube and, accompanied by his wife and two children, steered for the Yugoslav frontier.

They travelled only at night. By day they hid up in the wastes of rushes through which the Danube flows. But after ten nights' travel, the younger child became desperately ill. The cooper landed on a barren, deserted island where the mother, without aid, nursed the child back to life.

They continued the voyage. Forty-nine days after sailing, they sighted just at dawn the river control-post on the Yugoslav frontier, one kilometre distant. Contrary to their usual practice of hiding for the day, they decided to chance drifting on in the daylight. It was a fatal decision. A Danube steamer passed over their barrel; water leaked in through the conning tower. They were compelled to "surface" and were spotted and arrested. The husband got a heavy prison sentence. That happened a year ago, and nothing has been heard since of the cooper or his family.

—*OFNS*

REPORTER TO DEPUTY MINISTER

Alex. Johnston as Raconteur

by Wilfrid Eggleston

WHEN the late Alex. Johnston died, obituary notices made much play of his association with Marconi, and his part in helping to establish wireless communication across the Atlantic. But this was, of course, only one episode in an unusually long, useful and interesting career, which began as a reporter and carried him up to the highest civil service post possible, that of deputy minister. He came to Ottawa as member of Parliament and youthful conqueror at the polls over Sir Charles Tupper, Conservative warhorse and Father of Confederation. He was about as staunch a party Liberal as this country has ever seen: and he enjoyed the confidences of the top Liberal leaders for half a century.

With such a long rich life to review, nobody mentioned the fact that he was for a while deputy director of censorship in World War II. I have good reason to remember this episode, because he was my immediate superior when I was press censor for Canada and we worked very closely together. And when Col. O. M. Biggar, Director of Censorship, was ordered by his doctor to give up the post, it was Alex. Johnston who persuaded me to let my name stand as Col. Biggar's successor. I agreed to do it if he would stay on as deputy and help me through a couple of very delicate pieces of business which were then pending. Alex was 77 at the time, but he readily agreed, and remained as deputy director all the time I was director.

His reputation as a *raconteur* has been celebrated by persons who knew him longer and better than myself, but there are two or three of the yarns he told me during our censorship association which ought to be preserved.

He had a rare, quiet, but sometimes quite devastating sense of humor, and one of the yarns I recall may have been apocryphal but it deserves to have been true.

It was about the civil servant who occupied a modest desk in one of the government buildings, who, on sudden impulse, left Ottawa to join the gold rush to the Yukon. He found the search more elusive and less profitable than he had been led to expect and within six months he was back in Ottawa. He made a quick surreptitious visit back to his old quarters. Here, to his amazement he found himself greeted as one who had never been away. His absence had in fact not been noticed. He quickly caught on to the pleasant possibilities of this fact, and resumed his usual "duties" just as though nothing had happened.

Then there was the civil servant on his own staff whose services, he thought, might be dispensed with. He eliminated him by the simple step of cutting out the appropriation. But the servant turned up next year in another branch. Alex. persisted, and cut him out of that. The irrepressible chap turned up next in Naval and Marine services, then in another department, but shortly afterwards added to Alex's supervision. A third time he wielded the axe. The next time that civil servant turned up was in Trade and Commerce Department, where he remained, secure from interference.

ALEX. JOHNSTON was chief Liberal Whip in the crisis of 1905, when Clifford Sifton resigned from the Cabinet over the school provisions in the Autonomy Bills creating Alberta and Saskatchewan. (Alex. told me that it was Sir Charles Fitzpatrick who had been responsible to a large extent: the bills were drafted and introduced by him while Sifton was away.)

Laurier was greatly upset by Sifton's resignation, and even told Johnston that he wished he had retired from the post of Prime Minister before such a party disaster could have occurred. It was not only the Sifton resignation, but the belief that Fielding was also about to drop out that shook him. Fielding gave some color to this report by staying away several days from the debates in the House.

"If only I knew what Fielding was going to do," Laurier said to Johnston.

"Don't you know?" Alex. asked him. "No." "If you like, I'll find out," said the Whip. He put on his coat and went over to the East Block. They talked over Sifton's resignation.

"Clifford Sifton," said Fielding, "resigned for his principles. If I stay, they will say I think more of office than principles." Alex. Johnston told him he thought Fielding should stay with Laurier. After further conversation, Fielding said he would like to know what Sir George Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, would advise. "We'll find out," said Alex. Johnston. They sent a message in code to Halifax, and Murray replied that it was Fielding's duty to carry on.

"Adjourn the debate in my name tonight, and I'll speak tomorrow," said Fielding, finally. He did so. Laurier was relieved, and the crisis was survived.

—Butterfield in Vancouver Province

THE VANISHING CANADIAN

—Norris in the Vancouver Sun

"Dear Uncle Frank—I hear you have a foot of snow and I guess you envy us out here with our nice mild winters . . ."

ANSCOMB SPARKS BC TORY RISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

But it was a full Government decision —Liberals and Conservatives—and highly unpopular. But many of its former opponents have come to think that it's a fair way to finance social security.

As Finance Minister he admits taxation is heavy. "But I don't think it is too heavy," he said recently, "considering the wealth we have in this Province, and the power to expand."

One of the most controversial utterances he has made in recent years, and the one which has brought him the most criticism, concerned expenditures for social services. At a time when there was a clamor for higher old-age pensions—a popular political battlecry—he told a radio audience he felt that social services expenditures were high enough. The point he was trying to make was that when a Province spends 43.7 per cent of its revenue on social services, it's too much in relation to the total.

"I'm not against social services," he explained to his critics. "I say that if you want to increase the standard of social security, then the expansion of basic industries must proceed at a greater pace than the social security, or you finally will not have sufficient money to meet expenditures.

"Too few people who campaign for social-service increases realize that they have to be paid for, right out of their own pockets. The Government is not an agency with vast amounts of free money. The Government is a central agency which collects money from the people and spends it for the people. If the people say that more must be spent, then the Government has to remind them that it will have to have more from them."

Curiously, Anscomb's speeches are more brilliant on the public platform than they are in the Legislature. In the House, he is probably guided by a feeling that he is reporting on departmental details, and his utterances there lack the repartee and spirit he shows at other times. In the House, his role is to tell about figures, a "dry" subject. But few can doubt his sincerity.

Anscomb lives in Oak Bay with his wife who was Annie Maud Brooker. They married in 1925 and have no children. His wife waited for him while he achieved the first step towards independence: to own a house, with nothing owing, before he married.

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BOOK REVIEWS

DEATH-OF-A-HOLLYWOODMAN

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE PRODUCER—by Richard Brooks—Musson —$3.50.

IN THIS NOVEL Richard Brooks has presented practically a complete dossier of the life and times of an independent producer in Hollywood. Author Brooks, for eight years a Hollywood director and writer, sets the experience down in fiction form, but he has written it in the closely documented terms of a man who has been through that awe-inspiring wringer himself, and knows exactly what he is talking about.

The independence of Mr. Brooks' hero, Matt Gibbons, is an illusory freedom. A studio provides him with the stages, sets, facilities and players, leaving Producer Gibbons full responsibility for script, direction, technical detail, and success or failure. If the picture succeeds, he is free to collect twenty-five per cent of the profits. If it fails, he loses his money, his job, his friends, and his six-acre Hollywood estate, complete with private swimming pool and projection room.

This is the situation which, in the course of the story, develops into a nightmare obstacle race. The script is wrong, and the script-writer must be replaced. The male star is intractable and the female star has never learned to act. Trade papers and the Breen Office must be conciliated, and a tigerish lady columnist appeased. One of his leading character actors is arrested for molesting, and on the eve of the big premiere Producer Gibbons' screen-writer is publicly indicted by the House Committee on Un-American Affairs.

The hero is chiefly bedevilled however by a stubborn, though wavering sense of integrity. He can't bring himself—quite—to achieve success by distorting his story-line or betraying his associates. He is, in fact, equally harassed by his businessman's distrust of art and his unconscious, or unwilling, pursuit of a cloudy ideal; and any serious deviation from either principle wounds him at his most vulnerable point—his own self-esteem. So he struggles towards compromise, and the account of his dilemma, though grotesque rather than tragic, presents still another facet of the Death-of-a-Salesman story that is becoming one of America's most significant legends.

The story is told in a flat and truculent style which suggests that the author shares his hero's distrust of artistic expression. In the end, however, Matt Gibbons emerges as a character drawn with rough but relentless accuracy. In all his relationships—to his work, his wife, his mistress, his associate—he is a recognizable human creature, vain, self-seeking, never wholly admirable, never quite lost to a sort of fumbling integrity. (See *Films,* Page 15)

—Sylvia Hahn
"CAROLINA QUEST"

Young Apostle

by John Creed

THE TENTMAKER — by Julius Berstl — *Hodder & Stoughton—$3.00*

A NOVEL based on the life of St. Paul, this is the first of a pair and deals with the young Paul (or *Shaul*) up to his journey to Damascus. A second book is to deal with the man and his organization of the early Christian Church. Berstl has filled out the sketchy facts of the Apostle's history with a great deal of corroborative information from contemporary writings. The result is a book that has more piety than art and more history than imagination.

His characters are more or less patterned on the conventions invented by others in treating Holy Land subjects and the author relies heavily on a pseudo-Biblical style that is at times lyrical, more often soporific. The dialogue consists chiefly of proverbs and sayings and most of the characters' remarks are carefully preceded by a more or less relevant apothegm before the speaker gets down to business. This lends to the book an air of reverence but also slows down the story. Shaul, however, emerges from this somewhat shadowy background as a real person and Berstl has shown the spiritual energy that lived in that delicate and sickly body.

It is much more than a historical novel because of the author's deep learning and somewhat less than a history because he dilutes that facts with a not too vigorous sense of the dramatic. He suggests that there *is* dramatic meat in the story of St. Paul, but he succeeds in giving us not much more than the bones.

JACKET DESIGN FROM "THE PLUNDERERS"

Seals And Sealing

by Kim McIlroy

THE PLUNDERERS—by Georges Blond—Macmillan—$4.00.

THIS translation by Frances Frenaye, restores to the contemporary novel something which in recent years has become increasingly noticeable by its absence: good writing.

"The Plunderers" reads like a story by Hardy, or one of his predecessors. The author—despite the fact that he has written a comparatively short book—is in no hurry. He sets his scene and describes his characters. He explains what it is he is setting out to prove. Then he tells his story.

It is a fascinating story, or, rather, a fascinating pair of stories. And beautifully told.

One of the stories concerns the fur seals of the Pacific. It relates how the male seals leave their Japanese fishing grounds at the same time every year, at some unknown signal, and swim out into the middle of the ocean, then turn north for a small island which is their annual rendezvous. No one has ever learned the secret of their unerring navigation.

Later the female seals make the same journey from their grounds off the North American coast. Blond's description of the ancient instinctive ritual which culminates in the mating is natural history made more fascinating than most fiction.

—Sylvia Hahn
"CAROLINA QUEST"

The other story is that of the Russian sailor who has heard of this fantastic treasure island of seal fur, of his struggles to fit out and sail an expedition to the island, of his success and his final disillusionment and death at the moment of triumph.

There is a moral, of course, but the author is content to leave it inherent in his story, which is both readable and instructive. When you put the book down you know a lot more about seals than you did before, and perhaps something more about people. It's a rewarding experience.

For The Watchers

by J. L. Charlesworth

CAROLINA QUEST—by Richard M. Saunders —*University of Toronto Press—$3.50.*

THANKS to encouragement given by field naturalist societies and similar organizations, the avocation of bird-watching has become quite common in recent years. It has the advantage of getting its followers out into the open air, unencumbered by heavy equipment, and it can be indulged in by people of all ages, if they are enthusiastic enough to get up early in the morning.

This short record of a bird-watching expedition to South Carolina made in 1936 by R. M. Saunders and T. R. Murray, both amateur ornithologists, does much to explain the enthusiasm for the hobby, for Professor Saunders has the knack of communicating his own feeling of excitement and wonder when a patient search for a rare bird is rewarded by success. The quest led him and his companion into many out-of-the-way places in the South, where they had the satisfaction of observing terns, egrets, owls, pelicans and many other birds in their natural surroundings.

In a final chapter the Professor tells of some of the rare birds that are occasionally to be seen in Ontario. Some are obviously driven here by storms, but others, like the cardinal, have become fairly common in the Province in recent years and are nesting here regularly.

The book will make an excellent gift for a bird-watching friend. It is decorated with woodcuts by Sylvia Hahn.

Life Around Us

by Rica Farquharson

THE MECHANICAL BRIDE: Folklore of Industrial Man—by Herbert Marshall McLuhan—Copp Clark—$5.50.

THIS IS a giddy yet thought-stirring book by a Canadian, Herbert Marshall McLuhan, a professor at St. Michael's College, Toronto. Ideas expressed in it, however, have been aired outside of Canada. As lecturer the author has won a place for himself, and the media he so earnestly views with alarm must have helped to prepare his audience. "The Mechanical Bride" deals, in neither intellectual nor emotional detachment, with those wheedling voices of our mechanized environment projected to us *via* advertisers, columnists, comic-strip makers and radio.

Professor McLuhan has chosen feminine legs, which he dubs "one facet of our 'replaceable parts' cultural dynamics, on a pedestal," as art motif for his beckoning book jacket — courtesy Gotham Hosiery Co. Inside the book his satirical prose is jumped up with lush ad samples.

Entertainment phase of this folklore does not obliterate the central idea, namely, "what has mass production done to American civilization?"

The author will prove to any reasonable reader his theory that sex and technology form a dominant pattern and hovering around the pair are images of hectic speed, mayhem, violent, sudden death. *Look* and *Life* he finds most obvious media to study this cluster of interests.

The New Yorker, Reader's Digest, Charlie McCarthy, newspapers and funny books all get the dissecting treatment. There are sections on newspapers as collective works of art, daily "book" of industrial man and Arabian Night's entertainment. Some front pages are represented as "bound up to techniques of modern science and art." This refers to the technical and mechanical makeup of the press. The professor enlarges on the theme that French symbolists, followed by James Joyce in Ulysses, saw a new art form of universal scope present in the technical layout of the modern newspaper.

Time magazine gets a work-out in "The Ballet Luce" chapter with advertisement showing an old-fashioned reporter bursting from a saloon to cover a sensational episode.

Comic strips, the author views as humor that is a device for evading painful realities. There is admiration for "Li'l Abner," as being not a picture of American youth but of the confirmed adolescent of mature years. Al Capp he calls the only robust satirical force in American life: looking at the disordered world around him with a keen eye for political, commercial and social humbug, the result of a critical intelligence notably lacking at more respected levels of writing.

Professor McLuhan indicates that Capp suggests that perhaps the obsequies of our popular culture have been prematurely sung. If so, it also seems to hint that the findings of "The Mechanical Bride" are not to be fatal anyway.

—J. E. Brownlee, Jr.

AUDREY McKIM

The Royal Life

by Lucy Van Gogh

ROYAL ALBUM—edited by H. Tatlock Miller—*Ryerson—$6.00.*

THE YOUNGER SISTER—by Godfrey Winn—*Ryerson—$3.00.*

BOTH these volumes, produced in England by Hutchinson, are primarily pictorial, and include a considerable number of color reproductions as well as many black-and-whites. A certain fuzziness in the color pictures suggests a process suited to the turning out of a very large edition, but the black-and-whites are of perfect quality and very well engraved.

The smaller volume, on Princess Margaret, contains a surprisingly large amount of reading matter considering the short time between the birth of its subject and the present day, and that matter is interesting and in entire good taste. The larger volume is described as a Symposium, contributed to by Arthur Bryant, Hector Bolitho, Denys Sutton, James Laver and others; but its great feature is its wealth of pictures dealing with every aspect of the life of royalty, from court dress to kitchens, from castles to coronations, from opera boxes to shooting boxes to snuff-boxes to horse-boxes.

It is a hard-working life, and those who live it are entitled to a good deal of sympathy. But it must certainly be also a very interesting life, and these glimpses of it are fascinating.

The Healing Art

by Charles Johns

THE PHYSICIANS—by Hazel Lin—*Longmans, Green—$3.75.*

ACCORDING to the note on the jacket of this novel, its author, Dr. Hazel Lin, received her first medical education in her birthplace, Peking, and was later a post-graduate medical student at the University of Michigan. She is now practising in the United States.

Since the same outline also fits her heroine's career, it is fair to assume that the novel is partly autobiographical. One is not informed whether the other physician of the title, the heroine's grandfather, is also real, but he has been made to seem so. He is the most famous Chinese physician of Peking, well read in the ancient Chinese medical texts, and prejudiced against the methods of Western doctors. Yet his orphaned granddaughter, with a feminine persistence that is not wholly Oriental, manages to get her wish to be educated in a modern medical school.

It is the conflict and affection between these two principal characters that make the plot of the story, but the reader incidentally picks up a good deal of information about Chinese life and customs.

Writers & Writing

HAPPY NEW YEAR!
Good Reading Everyone!
A comforting thought — we haven't had this column long enough to make a list of the ten best books of 1951. Though it seems to be an impossible stint many critics keep trying.

■ FRANCES SHELLEY WEES is digging herself in to really write that autobiography and she tells us she has had a nibble from a Canadian publisher. Although Frances has hit the big Yankee slicks for nice prices and has had more than a dozen books published in the U.S., Canadian publishers have not rushed to get her.

■ Our family thinks JACK HAMBLETON is a great fellow!
Every year he writes a thrilling book for boys. He gives us a copy of the latest. This has been going on for five years.
This year is the limit. We have "Cub Reporter."
It's like being born again to us for the fiction characters in the story of the exciting world of the big daily are our friends: NELS QUARRINGTON, photographer, borrowed from "Tely" for one for the book, KEN MCTAGGART, star-star reporter.

AND one of the characters is our husband. Disguises: brown eyes are blue; expense accounts are borrowed from an evening paper for fiction purposes but that managing editor is our man for sure. He thinks he'll review the book: probably first time a character has reviewed his own story. Jack may have to write a sequel to "Cub Reporter" for Tom could surely do with just a little more formal education but how is he going to get it at night school working on a morning paper?

—"Cub Reporter"

JACK HAMBLETON

■ Always gives us a surprised feeling seeing that "NELLIE MCCLUNG" byline currently in the *Edmonton Journal* but it is always pleasant to know there are mothers like daughters in the writing world. She writes about a little Dutch boy wearing wooden clogs downtown one day, clutching his father's hand and staring wide-eyed at the department store around him. The teacher who had been shaping a children's story in her mind, clicked on her storybook hero: Why not make him a little Dutch boy, a towheaded child who comes to Alberta with his family to learn about Canadian farming? So—MISS AUDREY MCKIM created "Here Comes Dirk" about Dirk Wilem, aged six, and his moeder and vader, for little Canadian children of all racial backgrounds.

■ Passing of HAROLD DINGMAN in Vancouver reminds us that his obituary on Mackenzie King was considered the best written on the Prime Minister. Strange things obits and the way they fit into the newspaper picture. The other day we were told about a girl just out of college on her first job on a daily paper and she was given obits to do. On the other hand an experienced, all-round newspaper man and a fine writer, as Harold Dingman was, may spend weeks or months digging up the material for the article on a distinguished man.

■ LOU SKUCE, whose characteristically brilliant cartoons cover the ceiling and walls of the Men's Press Club, Toronto, was the first newspaper man we ever knew and the first of a long line of generous, helpful friends in the journalistic world. He came from down near Ottawa and was a "natural" cartoonist. He took a few journeys into the theatrical world too, in New York, and had a studio years ago high up in the rafters of the Yonge Street Arcade, Toronto, a little bit of Bohemia — where writers and artists met. His wife's father W. A. FISHER, was one of Toronto's best known writers of fiction and appeared frequently in *Saturday Evening Post* with his excellent "race horse" yarns.

■ Discovering people you know in fiction is becoming a popular Canadian sport—especially in Kingston, we hear—but maybe just a tempest tost in a tea cup.

■ People who are curious enough to read this column are apt to be the kind to clutch at "Canadian Writers" by Professor ARTHUR L. PHELPS of the English Department of McGill University, being published in a trade edition this month. This is a series of informed yet informal essays on Canadian writers past and present, including, of course, such names as EARLE BIRNEY, A. M. KLEIN, THOMAS RADDALL, THOMAS HALIBURTON, W. O. MITCHELL and others. —*Rica*

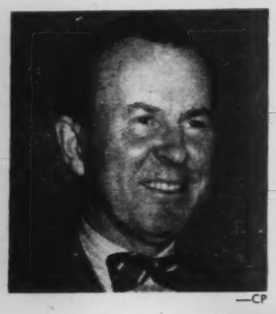
SONS OF THE MANSE

—Roseborough

MUSIC: Sir Ernest MacMillan, whose baton directs Toronto Symphony Orchestra's activities.

—CBC

THEATRE: Bob Christie, one of Canada's top actors in theatre, and radio.



—CP

POLITICS: Hon. Lester B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs at Ottawa.

—CP

FINANCE: Kenneth W. Taylor, Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance at Ottawa.

—D. McKague

RADIO: Andrew Allan, former director of CBC "Stages", now a producer in England.

—D. McKague

EDUCATION: Dr. G. P. Gilmour, President of McMaster University, Hamilton.

WORLD OF WOMEN

WHO WANTS TO BE A MINISTER'S CHILD?

by Nancy Cleaver

"MUMMY, WHERE ARE YOU? I'm not going to be a minister's child any longer!" my five year old Nancy exploded as she came in the front door from an afternoon kindergarten session.

Three of my callers looked at each other. The fourth murmured something about, "Poor little girl, what trouble has she got into now?" I excused myself and hurried out to comfort my daughter.

Nancy is the youngest of three and has had her share of teasing. But this particular storm was occasioned by Jimmie taunting her on the way home from school that she was a minister's child. Jimmie's mother had told him that minister's children had to be especially good.

This rather popular theory made no appeal to Nancy. She wanted to be "the same as the other kids." My suggestion that she wash her hands and come and have a tea-party was no comfort. Jimmie's "Minister's child, minister's child!" still echoed in her ears. At bed time she asked bitterly, "Who wants to be a minister's child?"

What are the chances of a minister's child being "the same as other kids?" Small. The eyes of the community are on him and even in his tender years the parsonage child is expected to be a model of perfect deportment.

The other day my third grade Rosemary exclaimed "Is Susan ever cuckoo! She says it's much worse of a sin for me to say a naughty word than for her to say it—because I'm a minister's child!"

My son David sleeps in the parsonage attic bedroom where Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Minister of External Affairs, and his brothers "held out" in their tender years. "Well, anyway, he's one preacher's kid who amounted to something!" David says with a grin. "And I'll bet he and his brothers raised the roof part of the time, same as other kids!"

NOT LONG AGO in a national church paper, a letter from a correspondent bewailed the lack of reverence towards the church building on the part of the younger generation. It concluded "With my own eyes, I have *even seen the minister's children* running down the aisles on a week day before Mission Band began!"

The editor of an outstanding women's magazine commented in an editorial that "when a minister's son gets into trouble the impact on the congregation is violent."

When a minister's child approaches adolescence, strange to say, the attitude of many of the congregation (indeed of quite a number in the community), has a sharp right-about face. The expectation seems to be that, as a matter of course, the minister's child will get into trouble.

This supposition has existed for some time. It was voiced by E. J. Hardy, a popular author of the last century, whose book "How to Be Happy" sounds strangely like a modern title. In 1886 he made the sweeping pronouncement "Clergymen's sons always turn out badly." Almost 20 years ago, Dean Inge in "Outspøken Essays" echoed the same opinion in this passage, "An Eton boy who was asked why the sons of Eli turned out badly replied, 'The sons of clergymen always turn out badly'."

This label attached to children of ministers dies hard — but it's about time someone questioned its accuracy!

"His father was a parson, but in school he was a perfect little devil—a real minister's child!" an old lady said emphatically to me, in describing an outstanding citizen.

I could think of no appropriate reply, although I longed to ask her coldly, "How many minister's children have you been acquainted with who turned into criminals or depraved citizens?" I also wanted to add that in *Who's Who* there are more names of men who grew up in clergymen's families than those who were reared in any other type of home!

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE as the granddaughter, daughter and wife of a minister, I should be the first to admit that clergymen's children, like any other youngsters, can quickly get into mischief. I was pleased the other day when my cleaning woman made this comforting remark, "I always say I get along fine with your kids. They are *no* worse—and *no* better than other young ones!"

"A minister's wife knows — or should know — something of the kind of life she is expected to lead, but minister's children surely don't choose their lot!" a doctor once said to me. "I know something about clergymen's homes because I married the daughter of a minister. The kids may have awfully jolly times in their own family circle, but when it comes to the outside world they get a pretty tough break. When they are little they are expected to be angels, and when they are almost grown all the old biddies are sure they are going to the dogs."

There is one story of a minister's son who in the 1860's first of all was expelled for his pranks from school at Barrie, Ontario, and later as a 16 year old scholar at Weston, Ontario, there spent three days in jail. It's a story worth recalling by any harassed ministerial father whose lad is in hot water.

At the boarding school in Weston, this boy was the ringleader of a tiny group who waged petty warfare against The Enemy in the person of an unpopular housekeeper. The boys' imaginations ran away with their discretion when they embarked on a scheme which included, not only locking the housekeeper in her room, but also smoking her out.

There was a stove-pipe hole into her room, and the startled "prisoner" was treated to the smell of pepper, molasses and mustard being burned on the stove in the class room directly below her room. The housekeeper swiftly tried to block the hole with clothes.

The boys poked the clothes out with sticks. Next move of the housekeeper was to sit on the hole —

NANCY CLEAVER, *a frequent contributor to* SATURDAY NIGHT, *writes with special authority about the minister's child. She's the granddaughter, daughter and wife of a minister, and mother of three lively children.*

and the boys had by this time gained such expertness in "stick handling" that they continued their activities.

The enraged shouts of the housekeeper eventually reached the Headmaster and swift punishment in the form of caning descended on the boys. But the housekeeper was still so angry that she demanded the arrest of her tormentors for assault and battery.

She predicted that the boys, particularly the leader, would come to no good end. In this her judgment was mistaken, because Sir William Osler became one of the greatest physicians and teachers of medicine in spite of being the director of the war against the housekeeper.

All minister's children are not headed for lives of outstanding service to humanity like Osler, but all of them must live their childhood in the rather pitiless light of public interest. Let a minister's child get into some small scrape at school or on the play ground and the escapade is magnified ten-fold. And the story loses nothing in the telling.

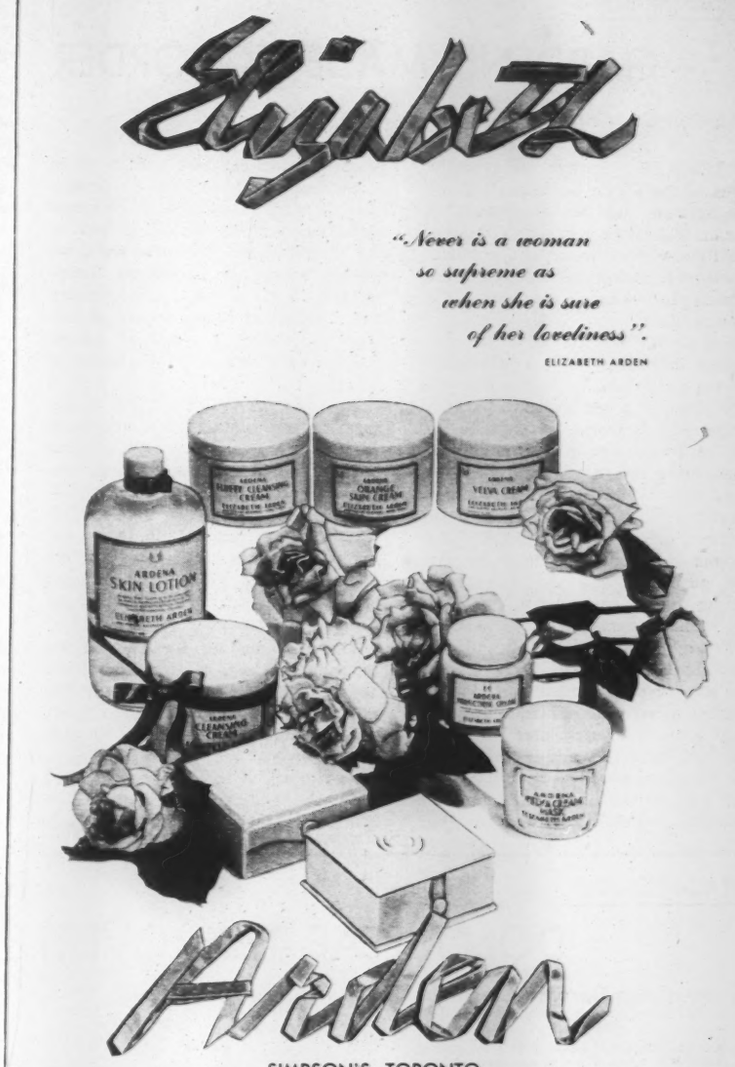
Perhaps there would not be such a shortage of candidates for the ministry if the public took a more kindly attitude to what happens in the minister's family circle. Recruits from ministers' families, in the past have accounted for a large number of men entering this profession. But the "life in a gold fish bowl" of the clergyman's home is enough to make some possible candidates hesitate before choosing their father's calling.

Occasionally unexpected kindnesses are shown and little gifts are given to those who live in a minister's home. Sometimes the children are included in a treat. When a parishioner asks his clergyman to go fishing, he once in a while remembers to include in his invitation the eager son of the manse too.

THE IDEAL in the Declaration of Human Rights is that each person should be judged as an individual and not as a member of a group. Discrimination is undemocratic—and minister's youngsters know the bitterness of "class discrimination." In its own way it can hurt almost as much as a color line. This is particularly true in small places where "everyone knows everybody else's business."

Ministers' children hate the ridiculously high standards set for them in their childhood and the predictions of "wild oats" in adolescence. They want to be grouped with "the other kids"—and why shouldn't they?

There are a great many centres which have no racial problem, but every tiny crossroads has a parsonage, a rectory or a manse somewhere in the area. There is a minister's home, and minister's children growing up in your community. Why not give them "a break"?


Elizabeth
"Never is a woman so supreme as when she is sure of her loveliness".
ELIZABETH ARDEN
ARDENA SKIN LOTION
Arden
SIMPSON'S, TORONTO
And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

POUR LE SPORT

SKI LODGE WEEK-END

by Miriam Chapin

DURING NOVEMBER many Montrealers, as well as some folks in other Canadian cities, develop a strange virus disease. It might be called beaveritis because like beavers they start finding themselves a snug hideout for the winter.

They do it on four wheels instead of four legs, but they work just as hard, every Saturday and Sunday, scouring the mountains and valleys for that comfortable cottage to accommodate ten people that is advertised in the local daily. They see some remarkable shacks, from which the owner has just recently moved into a less commodious abode in order to rent his own for a goodly sum, omitting to mention that the water invariably freezes solid with the first cold snap.

But avoiding such pitfalls, they find a place at last, probably at Ste. Alimonie de Knickknack. Now arises the question of price. "If we take in four other couples, that'll be only $75 apiece for each of us." So that's settled, and the fun begins. Without fail among the five will be at least one set of planners. They *plan*, they make *lists*. They hold meetings, they select committees, committees to put out the garbage, to wash the dishes, to fetch in the wood.

Later on when the committees have been nicely typed out and posted on the kitchen wall, whoever first happens to want a fire brings in the wood, but the names look awfully business-like all in order. And the lists get lost, so that two people bring double boilers and nobody brings a frying-pan. However next week four of the men bring frying-pans and that problem can be safely forgotten.

Also among five couples, there is sure to be one Genevieve — never more than one. None of the women wanted her, but her Jim is such a good scout, the two of them couldn't be left out — and the men weren't exactly reluctant to have Genevieve along. "No harm in the kid, what're you crabbing about?"

So Jim and Genevieve join the crowd and arrive the first Saturday. Genevieve comes downstairs in a gorgeous green velvet after-ski job and wanders into the kitchen where Margy and Molly are poking the wood-stove and urging some of the boys to fill the woodbox. "My I wish I was smart like you girls," says the lady, "but my mother never taught me a thing about cooking."

And with that she picks up a glass and pours herself a sizable drink, which evidently Mama had taught her to do very skilfully. Then she drifts into the main room, perches on the arm of Henry's chair and talks baby-talk to any male who happens to be handy. They don't seem to mind too much.

Margy and Molly don't even look at each other. They don't have to.

Then in a few hours, it will be painfully discovered that somebody snores, a sound clearly audible through the one-thickness board partitions. Next day everybody denies guilt, but over the course of the nights it is pretty well narrowed down to—who but Genevieve? "What a pity," says Margy, "and such an attractive girl too."

Guests present a problem in every ski-lodge. They love to drop in, they can hardly be expected to carry 40-ounce bottles in their ski clothes, and they expect to be offered a drink and often a meal. And who pays? Well, they don't. Usually this is reckoned as general expenses, with some qualms of conscience among those who bring in the most wayfarers.

One of the most beloved members is Ian, who is always forgetting some item of costume or skis. "Jim said he wouldn't be up this time, so I know he won't mind if I take his poles—I broke mine last week and just haven't had time to get a pair."

Naturally, when Jim does arrive an hour later, he calls on all the resources of a vocabulary collected in extensive travels through Mexico and China to describe his colleague.

BUT THE GUY who really gets his fingers in the wringer, right up to the elbow, is good dependable Stan, who because he is good and dependable and has a comfortable bank account, is prevailed upon to sign the lease—somebody has to. So at the end of the season, when Madame who has had long experience in this kind of renting, brings forth her list of damages to furniture and plumbing and what not, Stan is the one stuck with it. Of course the rest will all chip in and pay their share—but by June Stan concludes it is simpler to let it go and shut up.

And yet, by next October, Stan will be saying to Ian, "Must start looking for a ski place soon. My, we had fun last winter didn't we!" And come to think of it, they did.

PERSONALITY

GARDENS MADE TO ORDER

by Lillian D. Millar

"I LOOKED through the yellow pages of the phone book and I chose you because you are a woman," a woman told Helen Kippax. "I thought you'd know more about such practical problems as seeing that I have a place to hang clothes and a hidden spot for garbage cans."

Helen M. Kippax, one of two women members of the Canadian Society of Landscape Architects, not only designs home gardens but she landscapes industrial properties, assists in community projects. She has even designed the grounds of her home church, the historic Farringdon Church of Brantford, Ontario. In addition to these varied duties, Miss Kippax is a popular lecturer on garden problems, and she writes gardening articles for some of our leading women's magazines.

When Helen—one of Brantford's Cockshutt family—left school, she did not embark immediately on her present career. She remained at home until some ten years later when she lost both her father and mother. Then she was determined to have a career. She had no special training but her thoughts naturally turned to her hobby—gardening. She wanted to be a landscape architect but no university in Canada offered a course—none does yet—so she had to look to the United States. She chose the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture. This is now amalgamated with the Rhode Island School of Design and offers a four-year course leading to a degree of Bachelor of Science.

At Lowthorpe Helen found to her surprise that, in addition to the study of horticulture, she must get a sound background of architecture and construction, design, drafting and drawing and of business methods. This was no easy, ladylike study of the habits of plants and some of the freshmen were quickly discouraged and dropped out after a few weeks. But Helen stuck.

Upon graduating she entered the office of Pitkin & Mott in Cleveland. In the three years she was in this position her work took her to many parts of the United States to plan home gardens and supervise community projects. After a year with Ellen Shipman, landscape architect of New York City, Miss Kippax came back to Canada to start in business for herself in Toronto.

"Many people refuse to believe that a woman can possibly understand about the construction of garden walls, walks, swimming pools, and so on," Miss Kippax told me. "But this is an important part of the landscape architect's training. In fact, in some schools architects and landscape architects take their first year together, then branch off to specialize in their own particular fields."

"ONE OF my hardest jobs," she continued, "was to learn to draw, for of course I have to submit blueprints just as an architect does. In fact in most jobs there are plans of three or four different stages of the work, the first an overall picture without much detail, the second a construction blueprint showing grading, walls, pools, and the third a planting blueprint giving the position, the number and kinds of plants which will be used. In addition to these, often there is another blueprint of an individual section, perhaps one showing greater detail of a flower garden or one of a perennial border."

Like all successful professional persons, Miss Kippax continues to study and learn. She has taken up color photography so that she can take colored pictures of gardens, and is a member of the Color Photographic Association. She travels to see the gardens of other lands. One year she went abroad with a party of landscape architects to study the gardens of Europe.

What is the starting point from which the landscape gardener evolves the final result—a beautiful garden?

"In my first interview with a new client," says Miss Kippax, "I try to find out as much as possible about the personality of all members of the family and their habits, their likes and dislikes, for a garden should be built around the family.

"If there are very young children, they need a playground which can be supervised from the house. If there are older children, a sports' area is likely wanted. If the family spends the summer at a cottage, they want to have plants which bloom in spring and autumn. If they stay at home, they will need a sitting-out area. Then, my plans are altogether different for the family which gets their recreation in the garden than for the one which wants to keep work to a minimum."

MISS KIPPAX is a member of the Heliconian Club, the Zonta Club, and the Ladies' Golf Club. Her latest hobby has been the building and landscaping of a summer home of her own on Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

"Do you ever regret your choice of a profession?" I asked Miss Kippax. "No indeed," she quickly replied. "You see my work is so varied. Part of the time I am at my drafting board and desk, and part outside supervising garden jobs. I work with living materials and this sharpens the appreciation of the beauties of nature. Then I have close association with many interesting people. My work takes me to many parts of our own country and to other lands. Mine is the most interesting job I know."

BRAIN-TEASER

DON'T LEAF THIS OVER!

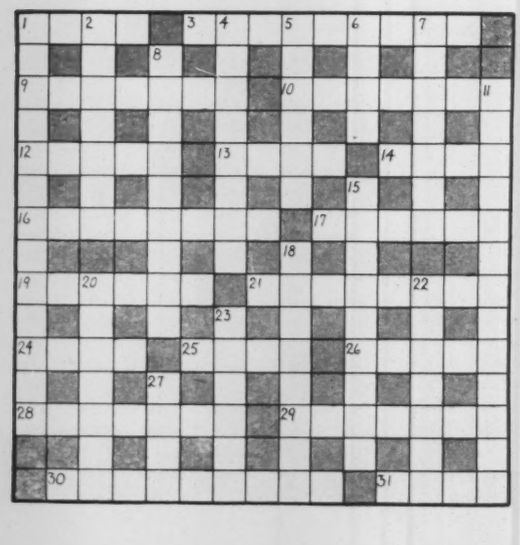
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. and 24. The 488th A.D. (4, 4)
3. Reputedly a condition of catfish. (9)
9. Wouldn't be occupied by an in-patient! (7)
10. Is it not time for him to compose "The Consul's" successor? (7)
12. Look who's inside! No wonder Sambo checked out! (5)
13. 5, 30 are the this in 1 across 24. (4)
14. In which Narcissus saw himself backwards. (4)
16. "The Pirates" 1 across 24 baby. (8)
17. No doubt Satan can always find work for him. (6)
19. If desperate 23 miss 1 across 24, they may expect to this 23. (6)
21. It's always 1 across 24 for him. (8)
24. See 1 across
25 and 31. A shortage of bachelors! (8)
26. Does it soil Nile's mouth? (5)
28. Gypsy Rose Lee's last rehearsal? (7)
29. Sounds like a pair of laurels. (7)
30. Unladylike, except in 1 across 24. (9)
31. See 25 and 27.

DOWN

1 and 1 across. Observe this advice when jumpy. (4,6,3,4)
2. Does he teach at the embassy? (7)
4. If it is, then Trygve is above it! (8)
5 and 11. If eligible, their deceptive appearance may protect them from 1 across, 24, 30. (6, 13)
6. The new and the old get it in and out on Jan. 1. (4)
7. Must one be radio-active to get on it? (7)
8. It's surprising a dead liver should make him so reckless. (9)
11. See 5.
15. 5, 11 appear to change sex when over its threshhold. (5, 4)
18. Cause of diamond jubilation? (8)
20. She and I in Cockney parlance? (7)
22. But the film's première is not free! (7)
23. Sounds like the 25. (6)
27 and 31. Resulting when shoots become hot? (8)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Toucan
4. Scuppers
10. Eustace
11. Replete
12. See 1 down
13. See 27
14. Enlarge 16. Moisten
18. Casuist 19. Solvers
21. Good cheer
23. See 1 down
24. Alcmena
25. Extreme
26. Speckled
27 and 13. The sun also rises

DOWN

1. 12 and 23 across. The home of the brave
2. Unsettles
3. Abase
5. Christmas trees
6. Paper mill
7. Ewers
8. Stepson
9. He takes the cake
15. Rain check
17. Teenagers
18. Cognacs
20. Shebeen
22. Oncle
23. Batch

(189)

—Elizabeth Arden

"TIARA": Loose waves, short length are combined to fashion a winter coiffure of easy elegance. Soft and high over the brow the hair is swept back on the sides.

BEAUTY

How's Your Appestat?

YOU HAVE an appestat whether you know it or not. This is your normal appetite regulating mechanism. It operates like a thermostat and determines whether or not you are overweight. This interesting concept and newly coined word was given by Dr. Normal Joliffe, head of the Bureau of Foods and Nutrition, Board of Health, New York City.

You control the appestat and can raise or lower it according to various circumstances. In a family where the mother is a wonderful cook and table talk centres around wonderful food, usually quite rich, habit will elevate the appestat. Chronic tasters raise the appestat with nibbling and alcoholics satisfy their appestat with vitamin and nutrient-free calories. Another cause for an off-balance appestat is purposeful—a child will overeat to shut up a nagging mother or vice versa.

Currently the popular concept of overeating right now is psychosomatic—or overeating as the result of an unsolved psychological problem. Dr. Joliffe doesn't believe that only fat people are beset with financial, social or sexual problems. All of us are subject to these trials so that this theory doesn't make sense. You can "up" the appestat by overeating when you stay awake and worry but you can also bring it down by diet once you realize your waistband is snug.

Dr. Joliffe's advice to dieters is to avoid the one-day-a-week calorie binge often prescribed in reducing diets. It does nothing but develop a screaming appestat the next day—screaming for more of those calories you had the day before in a piece of chocolate whipped-cream cake.

■ Take a tip from Hattie Carnegie for a new way to wear your scarf on your winter black, grey or navy. Miss Carnegie tucks a huge square of luscious-pastel chiffon on satin under the outside of her dress or suit collar to form a soft, pretty frame for her blonde coloring.

NEW TYPE CIRCUIT RIDER

by Margaret Ness

EACH OCTOBER a smart white-haired lady shoves her luggage, an electric heating pad and a portable typewriter into her car and starts out to coach plays.

She'll already have finished three Teachers' Institutes of four or five days each; and for the rest of the year she can look forward to spending October and November dashing from one school to the next; December and January teaching creative dramatics in the two Saskatchewan Normal schools; February and March running provincial school drama playdowns; April and June back to Normal teaching; July and August doing "Joe" jobs which include getting ready for next year's marathon.

This strenuous itinerary doesn't faze Mrs. Mary Ellen Burgess in the least. She thrives on it. Born in Toronto and educated in Chatham, Ont., she taught school in Saskatchewan and later married. Then when her three sons were just ready for college, her husband died. Mary Ellen Burgess decided she'd go back to work.

AT THAT TIME Saskatchewan had become one of the first provinces to take advantage of the 1943 federal Physical Fitness Bill and start recreation work, including drama. Mrs. Burgess was offered a job. Technically she's billed as Drama Representative but actually she's the driving force.

At the three Teachers' Institutes held in different parts of the Province each September she has sessions with 15-20 teachers—teaching them how to cope with school dramatics; shocks the lady teachers by suggesting they wear slacks and sweaters. These capsule sessions are aimed at improving the standard of dramatics in the Province, as are the more formal lectures every Spring and Winter in Saskatchewan's two Normal schools.

—Ken Cooper

DIRECTING Paul Antoniuk at Provincial Normal, Saskatoon, is Mary Ellen Burgess.

But Mrs. Burgess is a rover at heart and she gets the most pleasure out of her trips up and down the country, coaching the school plays. Saskatchewan Province takes drama seriously. Most of the schools present at least one play a year for the non-competitive Fall playdowns. The schools that are interested can do a bit more intensive work and enter the winter competitions. Then, of course, the lucky plays move up to the semi-finals and on to the finals. And Mrs. Burgess is right bang in the middle of the excitement.

IN THE FALL, she tours the schools which have requested her services. Plays have been in rehearsals for ten days, just long enough for everyone to know they need help. Mrs. Burgess takes a rehearsal, discusses make-up kit, problems in scenery and costumes. One school gets the routine in the morning; then she gets in her car with a thermos of coffee and some sandwiches and drives to the next school; sees another rehearsal; drives on again, and if there is electricity in the next school, she'll see their rehearsal at night. Sometimes she's driven as far as 100 miles in a day—plus three rehearsals.

Once the circuit of the schools is completed she returns for a "hypo visit"—as she calls it. She takes a tape recorder this time. The playback is a wonderful revelation to the pupils for voices, enunciation, etc. Then she demonstrates make-up for the make-up committee and looks over the costumes that have now been made.

BUT THAT isn't the last the school sees of Mrs. Burgess. There are the play-offs. Each schools plays against two other schools in its own centre, then goes and plays in the other two centres. At one of these play-offs Mrs. Burgess and an adjudicator catch the show. The halls are usually jammed to the door. People drive in from miles away and in all kinds of weather.

By the time the class has had two sessions with Mrs. Burgess and heard what the adjudicator has had to say about their show, they've had good training in speech, in poise, etc.—even if they decide not to go into the winter competitions. If they enter the January superintendencies and last out for the semi-finals, they've seen a lot more of Mrs. Burgess and her organizational work in handling a full-scale festival.

But it hasn't satisfied Mrs. Burgess's zest. Last year she took on a new project—an adjudicators' week-end school. Experienced adjudicators are necessary to the whole movement, she feels, and where better to discuss their problems than at a week-end confab!

In 1950-51 there were 70 festivals, of three or more plays entered, with adjudication; 2,126 workers behind the scenes, making costumes, shifting scenery, etc.; 17,164 spectators saw the 205 plays presented.

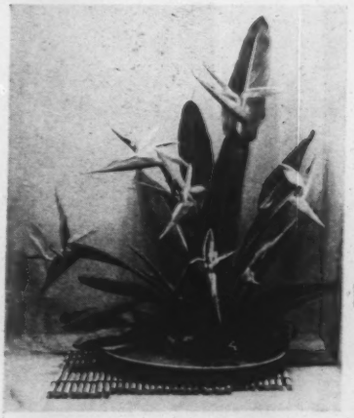
—Nott & Merrill

BERMUDA LILIES, philodendron leaves, arranged by Mrs. Bruce King. Flowers shown were specially flown from the Garden Culb of Bermuda to Garden Club of Ont. for the Winter Fair.

FLOWERS FROM BERMUDA

◄ FORMAL: Symmetrical mass arrangement of tuberose, rubrum lilies, bougainvillea, monstera deliciosa leaf, in old pressed glass comport. By Mrs. J. R. M. Wilson.

HOGARTH CURVE distinguishes Mrs. ► Kaspar Fraser's composition of bay grapes, croton leaves, love-lies-bleeding. Many of the Bermuda flowers were gathered in the garden of Lady Conyers, immediate past-president of the Bermuda Garden Club.



◄ MODERN LINE with brilliant colors is work of Miss Elsinore Burns with birds-of-paradise, leaves, monstera deliciosa fruit and seed of Bermuda's palmetto palm.

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Mayor Defies Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

He was heavyweight boxing champion of the school, hockey captain and a football star. He also got his senior matriculation, the extent of his formal education. For a while he helped his father who was breaking into the construction business, then became an insurance salesman, later sold cars. He married Edythe Thompson, a Toronto girl, and shortly after formed one of Canada's first commercial airlines. By 1930 he knew flying still had a long way to go and quit to return to the insurance business. In 1935 he formed his own firm, built it into a gold mine. Today he is moderately wealthy.

In 1939 he joined the RCAF. He was discharged in 1945 as a squadron leader.

IT WAS IN 1936 that Lamport, then 31, made his political début in the aldermanic elections. He was beaten. The next year he won and later the same year went to the Provincial Legislature as member for Toronto St. David riding, the only Liberal ever to hold the traditionally Tory seat. He lost it in 1943 while he was in the air force. That was the year that the Liberals went out in Ontario. Three years later he was elected alderman. In 1948 he won a seat on the four-man Board of Control. He had newspaper support that year, the last time.

Lamport's raucous, outspoken manner has won him many enemies in and around City Hall. The four Controllers elected this year all campaigned for McCallum and made it clear they didn't think Lamport had the goods. Lamport isn't crazy about them, either. Many say he is loud, which, at times, he certainly is, and others claim that he's a political show-off and an opportunist. But no one who has had dealings with Lamport underrates him. Politically speaking his survival has been a miracle. He was the only civic candidate years back to favor cocktail bars. And he espoused the cause of Sunday sports. Some say both stands took courage; others claim Lamport just didn't have sense enough to dodge the two hot issues.

Whatever the explanation, Lamport is now in the driver's seat. If he makes good as mayor he may aim higher. He has all kinds of ambition. During the next year his every action at City Hall will be watched closely by the newspapers which would dearly love to get back at the defiant Lamport. His close friends say Lamport is convinced now he can beat them any time.

LIGHTER SIDE

YEAR'S CLOSE (With Sound Effects)

by Mary Lowrey Ross

WHEN I dropped in on Miss A. during Christmas week I found her entertaining a Mrs. Edgcombe, a massive lady in a black dress trimmed with bugle beads.

"Mrs. Edgcombe is the corresponding secretary of our Needlework Guild and Chairman of our Altar Committee," Miss A. said.

"D' ju doo," Mrs. Edgcombe said briefly.

"I'm glad you dropped in," Miss A. said, "I wanted to thank you for that lovely grape corsage you sent me."

"It isn't really a corsage," I said. "They're bath capsules."

"I'm glad of that," Miss A. said, "I couldn't imagine myself *wearing* it anywhere."

The tea-table was set but Miss A. rose in a moment and, going into the kitchenette, came back with a decanter. "I want you both to try my dandelion wine," she said and poured us each a generous glass.

"It isn't fermented, is it?" Mrs. Edgcombe asked cautiously.

"Good Heavens, no," Miss A. said, "I made it myself from my own recipe."

I had experimented with Miss A.'s dandelion wine before and I sipped it cautiously. Almost instantly a fiery arrow darted up my spine and clear to the top of my head.

"It's delicious," Mrs. Edgcombe said. "I like a nice homemade wine."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Edgcombe leaned over and put a hand on my knee. "In the festive season there is nothing like being among old friends," she said tenderly.

"I'll tell you what let's do," Miss A. said girlishly, "let's play Stinky-Pink."

"Count me out," I said quickly.

"Don't be supercilious, dear," Miss A. said.

"I'm not being supercilious," I said, and added, rather hopelessly, "Anyway it's supposed to be bad luck to play Stinky-Pink between Christmas and New Year's."

"Now you're being, h'p, pardon me, superstitious," Miss A. said.

"What's Stinky-Pink?" Mrs. Edgcombe asked.

"You think of some event that happened in 1951 and then you act it out and we guess it," Miss A. explained.

"Oh, I love that kind of game!" Mrs. Edgcombe said. "Can I go first?"

Mrs. Edgcombe's pantomime which was extremely involved, indicated excitement, combat, and a temporary lull followed by violent disagreement.

"The war in Korea," Miss A. said.

"The Grey Cup Final?" I hazarded.

As it turned out, it was neither. It was a meeting of the Maintenance Committee called to discuss the enlarging and redecoration of the vestry.

"It's supposed to be something on a *national scale,*" Miss A. said.

The game proceeded, growing merrier and merrier. We did the Royal Visit (elaborate curtseys from Mrs. Edgcombe, her bugle beads winking loyally); Mr. Vishinsky's famous laugh; the collapse of the Ontario Liberal Party (loud assorted noises followed by the sound of escaping pressure.) I did Mr. Abbott's surplus budget and Professor Hoyle's disputed CBC lectures on astronomy and was ruled out by Miss A. for using the same act for both.

"Try to use your imagination," she said. "Here's one you'll never get. Bang, bang, bang!"

"The firing of General MacArthur," Mrs. Edgcombe said.

"The Massey Commission Report," I said.

"No, try to think," Miss A. said, "Bang, *Bang* BANG!"

The sound was unexpectedly reechoed from the front door. "Now who do you suppose—" Miss A. said.

"I'll go see," said Mrs. Edgcombe and skipped gaily down the corridor. She came back in a moment on tiptoe. "It's the people downstairs," she said, "They say they're going to report the noise."

"Well I like that," Miss A. cried, "If you'd ever heard them Saturday night! And *they'd* been drinking!"

I got up, "I think I'd better run along," I said.

"Oh, and I had such a lovely Stinky-Pink!" cried Mrs. Edgcombe, "I was going to pull the leg of the bridge table."

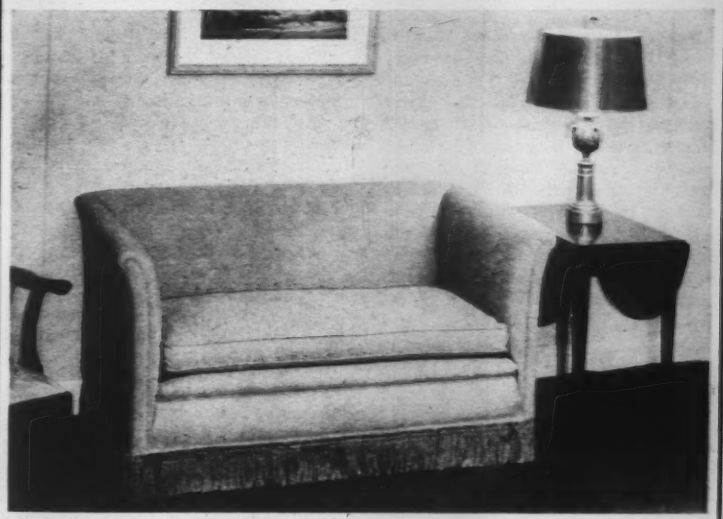
"What for?" Miss A. asked.

"Collapse of China," Mrs. Edgcombe said.

Miss A. stared indignantly. "I don't think that would have been a good idea," she said.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Edgcombe. She got up and sat down again. Her glance had begun to waver.

"Because China *hasn't* collapsed," Miss A. said, and carried the teathings out to the kitchen.



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Next Week *In Saturday Night*

GORDON SINCLAIR writes about

"THE OLDEST MAN ON THE RADIO"

The Voice of Hockey: FOSTER HEWITT

RACE AGAINST TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Forest Engineering at the University of New Brunswick.

His job is to organize and direct the spraying operation, which entails almost as much planning as a small military campaign. Between now and May, upwards of 100 technicians have to be recruited and trained in their jobs. Roads have to be bulldozed, and buildings erected for a base camp. Men and supplies have to be transported to it—including great quantities of DDT and fuel oil. And from somewhere, Flieger will have to assemble a force of some of 20 small planes fitted with tanks and spraying apparatus.

Kenneth R. Elliott, a federal entomologist, is Flieger's chief of intelligence. Elliott is on loan from the forest entomology laboratory at Sault Ste. Marie, and is well fitted for the assignment. In addition to being an able entomologist, he is a graduate forest engineer, and a wartime RCAF pilot with considerable postwar experience in aerial spraying.

Difficult as are the problems of recruitment, training, supply, logistics and intelligence they must solve, the tactical problem surpasses them all. Simply, it is how to spray 300 square miles of mature balsam fir and spruce.

It's estimated that this forest—owned by the Province, and from which the company cuts wood on a stumpage basis—contains at least two million cords of softwood. When cut, this would enrich the Provincial treasury by $8 million in stumpage fees.

But even more important, the wood represents seven years' consumption by the big NBIP mill at Dalhousie, NB—and thus seven years' work and wages for hundreds of mill workers and thousands of woods workers.

IMMEDIATE cutting of the infested forest isn't a feasible solution, company officials explain. There aren't enough lumberjacks, and there isn't sufficient stream and road capacity, to harvest such a tremendous cut of wood in the four years which remain before dead trees would become so rotten as to make salvage impractical.

Actually, pre-salvage cutting is being intensified in infested forest adjacent to the 300-square-mile area which will be sprayed. But in the latter area the company and the government have placed their bets on DDT—and on the accuracy of Dr. Balch's estimate that "a good spraying gives protection for one year".

That is the minimum which NBIP and the Government are buying with Operation Budworm: at least another year of life for the trees; at least another year in which natural control factors may make themselves felt.

As Flieger explained, "There's always a chance that spraying may tip the scale, so natural factors like weather, disease, predators and parasites will give the budworms a knockout blow".

Balch estimates that spraying will cost at least $2 an acre, but adds that a proper job "should at least make possible the salvaging of an additional amount of wood more than equal to the cost of spraying".

ON THE STRENGTH of that statement, Operation Budworm looks like a worthwhile gamble, despite the many practical difficulties. One of the most impressive of these difficulties is the budworm itself. It's an insect only three-quarters of an inch long in its larval stage, when it wreaks great damage by eating the needles off the trees. Yet there are untold billions of them in the forest, and they multiply so rapidly that spraying has to kill more than 95 per cent of them even to hold the population in check.

However, in Oregon entomologists sprayed 3,500 square miles of forest during the last three years, and last spring they calculated the average budworm mortality after spraying was more than 95 per cent.

Everything must be ready to begin spraying by mid-May, when the budworms start gorging themselves.

The DDT-fuel oil spray kills the insects two ways: by contact, and by poisoning their food. The spraying has to be done at low altitude—not over 200 feet — and moreover only under optimum weather conditions. It's no use spraying in the rain, or if the wind's blowing hard, or if air currents are rising. That practically limits spraying to the hours between sunrise and 8 a.m.

Greatest care has to be taken, too, to cover the forest thoroughly. A helicopter will be used to check the results; to make sure the whole forest is covered. So to avoid the necessity of re-spraying poorly-sprayed areas, only pilots experienced in this work are wanted.

Re-spraying takes too much time—and this whole operation is a race against time; of airplanes against the appetites of billions of budworms. For after three weeks or so, the budworms cease eating, and then it will be too late to spray.

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—Miller

PARATROOP LEADER: Gen. Bernard Ramcke, seemed headed for extremist career on his recent return from imprisonment in France, but has now "retired".

The German Veterans: Pro-West or Neo-Nazi, Which Will it Be?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Fundamentally, however, the veterans' leagues have failed to win a positive response from the bulk of German ex-soldiers. After months of campaigning, the actual organized membership of the central *Verband* is only 150,000, the majority of whom are ex-officers and probably even professional officers.

That is little more than one per cent of the thirteen million Germans who wore uniform in the last war, most of whom show remarkably little inclination to look for political leadership to their former military chiefs. The fact that the executive of the *Verband* is made up almost exclusively of former generals has been criticized and ridiculed by ex-soldiers up and down the country.

In the circumstances, the pretence of some of the leaders that they are the spokesmen of a whole generation of soldiers who, after doing their duty for their Fatherland, have been slandered and discriminated against and are only now finding their way back to their due place in the State, is as absurd as it is unbearable for the great majority of this "front-line generation."

NEVERTHELESS, while many German veterans will not accept these generals as their spokesmen, their personalities are of some importance in the struggle between the old nationalism and the new Europeanism.

Most popular among the moderate leaders is Von Manteuffel, an active member of the Free Democratic Party and hence a supporter of Adenauer, though rather to the Left of the party in his views on social questions. He demonstrated his loyalty to the new state by banning General Remer from attending the rally of his "Greater Germany" Corps.

An equally firm pro-Western attitude, coupled with a sharp rejection of all Nazi traditions, is expressed by General Cruewell, who has no party connections. General Krakau, about whose personal record little is known, has shown certain demagogic tendencies in his newspaper without so far taking up a clear political position.

Of all these men, General Ramcke has made the biggest concession to extremism in his speeches. A popular leader type who rose from the ranks and returned to the military profession only under Hitler, Ramcke is the only potential rallying point for the extremist wing.

ONE OUTSTANDING FACT is that the professional officers who graduated in the days of the Weimar Republic from General Schleicher's school, are today the leading element of the moderate and democratic wing of the soldiers' leagues. Oddly enough, their group includes SS General Hauser, an old Reichswehr officer who was transferred to the Armed SS and has a good reputation for having tried to prevent atrocities and maintain standards of proper military conduct in the SS ranks.

Today, when the Armed SS people who fought at the front side by side with the regular *Wehrmacht* units are still excluded from the pensions granted to the others, Hauser is using his influence to prevent his men from backsliding into Nazi views while working quietly behind the scenes for their rehabilitation. Opposed to him, there is a group of upholders of the true SS traditions led by General Steiner, but so far Hauser's group appears to be by far the stronger one.

Today, the attitudes of men like Cruewell, Manteuffel and Hauser, differ little from each other and from that of those professional officers like Hans Speidel who have been advising the Federal Government. They all reject the neo-Nazi movements and they all reject any campaign of discrimination against the surviving participants of the July 20 conspiracy against Hitler—irrespective of whether they personally supported the conspiracy at the time or not.

THEY ALL SUPPORT the principle of a German contribution to Western defence, but insist on certain preconditions. There are probably differences of detail in the way these terms are formulated by each of them, but the following statement by one of their number is fairly typical:

"First, to have any value, the German decision to make such a contribution must be voluntary—it must not be taken under economic pressure.

"Second, German forces must be enabled to play their part in Western defence on a footing of complete equality, with national units of reasonable size, with an adequate share in the joint command and staff. Third, the remnants of moral discrimination against the German soldier must disappear."

This probably represents the minimum common platform of the genuinely pro-Western elements among Germany's ex-soldiers. —*OFNS*

CANADIANS IN 1951 SPOTLIGHT

FOUR CANADIANS out of ten know first-hand that the 1951 highlight was the Royal Tour. The year also saw: the release of the Massey Report on the Arts and the subsequent barrage of printed resumés, pros and cons . . . Canada's first woman Speaker, NANCY HODGES in the BC House . . . the first Canadian soldier fighting in Korea and the U.S. Presidential Citation to the Princess Pats . . . the arrival in Europe of the 27th Brigade Group under COL. J. E. L. CASTONGUAY . . . the defeat of the Regina Rough-Riders by the Ottawa Roughriders for the Grey Cup . . .

POLITICALLY 1951 was Ontario PREMIER FROST's year—with his landslide majority. It also saw the return of Newfoundland PREMIER SMALLWOOD's party. And in Ontario it was a year for the women, too. In Ontario, 1951 started with one lady mayor and ended with four . . . But it did see the defeat of Ontario's AGNES MACPHAIL.

MUSICALLY, 1951 saw the choir of St. Joseph's University, Moncton, NB, win top honors under FATHER LEANDRE BRAULT at the Festival in Wales. Top award in radio's "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" went to Regina-born JUNE KOWALCHUK . . . violinist BETTY-JEAN HAGEN of Calgary won an Eaton scholarship and an official Toronto debut, as well as the Pathé Marconi prize from Paris . . .

IN THE THEATRE, 1951 was the year of FRIDOLIN'S assault on Broadway with his own play, "Ti-Coq"—in English with the original French Canadian Montreal cast . . . its controversial three performances and its second run in Toronto to enthusiastic houses. 1951 saw Toronto's DON HARRON step into an English production in New York, after a successful year in London's West End . . . JOSEPH SCHULL of Montreal winning $1,000 Playwriting Contest of the London (Ont.) Little Theatre . . .

IN EDUCATION there were the retirement of DR. R. C. WALLACE of Queen's University and the appointment of DR. W. A. MACKINTOSH to the Principalship . . . the Ontario portfolio of Education to DR. W. J. DUNLOP . . . the first Icelandic Chair in Canada, at the University of Manitoba . . . the Chancellorship of BRIG. SHERWOOD LETT at University of British Columbia . . . McGill's new Islamic Studies Institute . . .

—Ken Bell

ERIC CHRISTMAS in second annual "Mother Goose" (last year, Montreal; this year in Toronto), produced by radio's Wayne and Shuster; for Riverdale Kiwanis.

IN THE BALLET world top news went to the formation of The Canadian National Ballet Company, under CELIA FRANCA, formerly with Sadler's Wells, and including IRENE and JURY GOTSHALKS of Latvia and Halifax, and DAVID ADAMS of Winnipeg . . . The Command Performance of the Winnipeg Ballet . . .

IN RADIO, 1951 saw a glimmering of hope for TV in Canada sometime in the future with the appointment of key men, including MAVOR MOORE, and the hole in the ground on CBC Toronto premises that is taking shape slowly as the new TV centre . . . the wooing and winning of GISELE by the U.S. network . . . the summer trip of ANDREW ALLAN to England that got prolonged and brought the Fall productions of Stage '52 under PETER MACDONALD and others . . .

SPORTS-WISE there was the Maple Leaf victory of the Stanley Cup and the disappearance in a plane over Northern Ontario of star BILL BARILKO . . . BARBARA ANN SCOTT signing on the usually Sonja Henie-dotted-line with the Hollywood Ice Revue . . . the Bisley Shoot in England with LIEUT. GILMOUR BOA bringing the King's Medal to Canada for the first time since 1927 . . . and a first woman on the Canadian Bisley team, LIEUT. MARY MACLENNAN, a school teacher in Charlottetown, PEI . . . 19-year-old BOB WILLIAMS becoming North American top sculler, the first Canadian in 18 years . . . WINNIE ROACH LEUSZLER of Toronto, the first Canadian to swim the English Channel . . .

WITH PAINT AND BRUSH: The Canadian Society of Painters in Watercolor celebrated its 25th anniversary with retrospect exhibition at Ottawa's National Gallery and major Canadian centres . . . and L. A. C. PANTON became new Principal of the Ontario College of Art, Toronto . . . ROLOFF BENY of Medicine Hat had one-man shows in New York and Europe . . .

ON THE PRODUCTION SIDE, 1951 has been a year of development, especially in the frontier area . . . the Aluminum Company of Canada began construction of gigantic aluminum smelting and hydro-electric project in BC . . . Northern Saskatchewan came to the fore with the uranium discoveries there . . . Toronto engineer, S. M. BLAIR, proved the practicability of commercial development of the Athabasca tar-sands for oil . . . the credit curbs caused heartburnings in the automobile and electrical appliances industries . . . used car dealers, sweating it out, offered everything from TV sets to trips to New York as inducement to purchasers.

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